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*Mount Tomōbrit.*

To E. L., on his Travels in Greece.

Etched by J. Clément from painting by Edward Lear.

Édition de Luxe

# THE WORKS

OF

# ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## Poet Laureate

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

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# ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

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# THE PRINCESS;

## A MEDLEY.

### PROLOGUE.

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people: thither flock'd at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighbouring borough with their Institute,
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college, visiting the son, — the son
A Walter too, — with others of our set,
Five others: we were seven at Vivian-place.

And me that morning Walter show'd the house,
Greek, set with busts: from vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,

Grew side by side; and on the pavement lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together, — celts and calumets,
Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,
The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-clubs
From the isles of palm; and higher on the walls,
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
His own forefathers' arms and armour hung.

And 'this,' he said,' was Hugh's at Agincourt;
And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon:
A good knight he! we keep a chronicle
With all about him,' — which he brought, and I
Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with knights,
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and kings
Who laid about them at their wills and died;
And mixt with these a lady, one that arm'd
Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

'O miracle of women,' said the book,
'O noble heart who, being strait-besieged
By this wild king to force her to his wish,
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death,
But now when all was lost or seem'd as lost —
Her stature more than mortal in the burst
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire —
Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate,
And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,
She trampled some beneath her horses' heels,
And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall,
And some were push'd with lances from the rock,
And part were drown'd within the whirling brook:
O miracle of noble womanhood!'

So sang the gallant, glorious chronicle;
And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he said,
'To the Abbey: there is Aunt Elizabeth
And sister Lilia with the rest.' We went
(I kept the book and had my finger in it)

Down thro' the park: strange was the sight to me;
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown
With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads:
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One rear'd a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp; and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fired
A cannon; Echo answer'd in her sleep
From hollow fields: and here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter: round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies; perch'd about the knolls
A dozen angry models jetted steam;
A petty railway ran; a fire-balloon

Rose gemlike up before the dusky groves,
And dropt a fairy parachute and past;
And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
Went hand in hand with Science; otherwhere
Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamour bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up with 'Soldier-laddie,' and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time;
And long we gazed, but satiated at length
Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and ivy-claspt,
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave
The park, the crowd, the house; but all within

The sward was trim as any garden lawn:
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends
From neighbour seats; and there was Ralph himself,
A broken statue propt against the wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport,
Half child, half woman as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam: near his tomb a feast
Shone, silver-set; about it lay the guests,
And there we join'd them: then the maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it preach'd
An universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great; but we, unworthier, told
Of college: he had climb'd across the spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor's dogs; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord;

And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad; which brought
My book to mind: and opening this I read
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang
With tilt and tourney; then the tale of her
That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls,
And much I praised her nobleness, and 'Where,'
Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay
Beside him), 'lives there such a woman now?'

Quick answer'd Lilia: 'There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down:
It is but bringing up; no more than that:
You men have done it: how I hate you all!
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children! O, I wish
That I were some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,

And I would teach them all that men are taught;
We are twice as quick!' And here she shook aside
The hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling: 'Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph
Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear,
If there were many Lilias in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it.'
At this upon the sward
She tapt her tiny silken-sandall'd foot:
'That's your light way; but I would make it death
For any male thing but to peep at us.'

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd;
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,

And sweet as English air could make her, she:
But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her,
And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,'
And swore he long'd at college, only long'd,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed; they talk'd
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;
They lost their weeks; they vext the souls of deans;
They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke,
Part banter, part affection.

'True,' she said,
'We doubt not that. O, yes, you miss'd us much.
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did.'

She held it out; and as a parrot turns
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty, loving eye,
And takes a lady's finger with all care,
And bites it for true heart and not for harm,

So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd
And wrung it. 'Doubt my word again!' he said.
'Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd:
We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read;
And there we took one tutor as to read:
The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and square
Were out of season: never man, I think,
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he:
For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,
And our long walks were stript as bare as brooms,
We did but talk you over, pledge you all
In wassail; often, like as many girls —
Sick for the hollies and the yews of home —
As many little trifling Lilias — play'd
Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,
And *what's my thought* and *when* and *where* and *how*,
And often told a tale from mouth to mouth
As here at Christmas.'
She remember'd that:
A pleasant game, she thought; she liked it more

Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.
But these — what kind of tales did men tell men,
She wonder'd, by themselves?
A half-disdain
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips;
And Walter nodded at me: '*He* began,
The rest would follow, each in turn; and so
We forged a sevenfold story. Kind? what kind?
Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms,
Seven-headed monsters only made to kill
Time by the fire in winter.'
'Kill him now,
The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,'
Said Lilia; 'Why not now?' the maiden Aunt.
'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?
A tale for summer as befits the time,
And something it should be to suit the place,
Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,
Grave, solemn!'
Walter warp'd his mouth at this
To something so mock-solemn that I laugh'd,
And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling mirth
An echo like a ghostly woodpecker,
Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt

(A little sense of wrong had touch'd her face
With colour) turn'd to me with 'As you will;
Heroic if you will, or what you will,
Or be yourself your hero if you will.'

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine,' clamour'd he,
'And make her some great Princess, six feet high,
Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you
The Prince to win her!'
'Then follow me, the Prince,'
I answer'd, 'each be hero in his turn!
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream. —
Heroic seems our Princess as required —
But something made to suit with time and place,
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all —
This *were* a medley! we should have him back
Who told the "Winter's Tale" to do it for us.
No matter: we will say whatever comes.

And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
From time to time, some ballad or a song
To give us breathing-space.'
So I began,
And the rest follow'd; and the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind:
And here I give the story and the songs.

I.

A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,
For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

There lived an ancient legend in our house.
Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grandsire burnt
Because he cast no shadow, had foretold,
Dying, that none of all our blood should know
The shadow from the substance, and that one
Should come to fight with shadows and to fall.
For so, my mother said, the story ran.
And, truly, waking dreams were, more or less,
An old and strange affection of the house.
Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows
what:
On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,

And feel myself the shadow of a dream.
Our great court-Galen poised his gilt-head cane,
And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd 'catalepsy.'
My mother pitying made a thousand prayers;
My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness:
But my good father thought a king a king;
He cared not for the affection of the house;
He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
To lash offence, and with long arms and hands
Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass
For judgment.

Now it chanced that I had been,
While life was yet in bud and blade, betroth'd
To one, a neighbouring Princess: she to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
At eight years old; and still from time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from the South,
And of her brethren, youths of puissance;
And still I wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed,
My father sent ambassadors with furs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her: these brought back
A present, a great labour of the loom;
And therewithal an answer vague as wind:
Besides, they saw the king; he took the gifts;
He said there was a compact; that was true:
But then she had a will; was he to blame?
And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
Among her women; certain, would not wed.

That morning in the presence room I stood
With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends:
The first, a gentleman of broken means
(His father's fault) but given to starts and bursts
Of revel; and the last, my other heart,
And almost my half-self, for still we moved
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,
Inflamed with wrath: he started on his feet,

Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, and rent
The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware
That he would send a hundred thousand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind: then he chew'd
The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen,
Communing with his captains of the war.

At last I spoke: 'My father, let me go.
It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king,
Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable;
Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,
Whate'er my grief to find her less than fame,
May rue the bargain made.' And Florian said:
'I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence:
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that land:
Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean.'
And Cyril whisper'd: 'Take me with you too.'

Then, laughing, 'What if these weird seizures
come
Upon you in those lands, and no one near
To point you out the shadow from the truth!
Take me: I'll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here:' but 'No!'
Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not; we ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets: break the council up.'

But when the council broke, I rose and past
Thro' the wild woods that hung about the town;
Found a still place, and pluck'd her likeness
out;
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees:
What were those fancies? wherefore break her
troth?
Proud look'd the lips: but while I meditated
A wind arose and rush'd upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the
shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a Voice
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win.'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield, I stole from court
With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived,
Cat-footed thro' the town and half in dread
To hear my father's clamour at our backs
With 'Ho!' from some bay-window shake the night;
But all was quiet: from the bastion'd walls
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier: then we crost
To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,
And vines, and blowing bosks of wilderness,
We gain'd the mother-city thick with towers,
And in the imperial palace found the king.

His name was Gama; crack'd and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines;
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king: three days he feasted us,
And on the fourth I spake of why we came,
And my betroth'd. 'You do us, Prince,' he said,

Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,
'All honour. We remember love ourself
In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony —
I think the year in which our olives fail'd.
I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
With my full heart: but there were widows here,
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
They fed her theories, in and out of place
Maintaining that with equal husbandry
The woman were an equal to the man.
They harp'd on this; with this our banquets rang;
Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;
Nothing but this; my very ears were hot
To hear them: knowledge, so my daughter held,
Was all in all: they had but been, she thought,
As children; they must lose the child, assume
The woman: then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,
Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,
But all she is and does is awful; odes
About this losing of the child; and rhymes

And dismal lyrics, prophesying change
Beyond all reason: these the women sang;
And they that know such things — I sought but peace;
No critic I — would call them masterpieces:
They master'd *me*. At last she begg'd a boon,
A certain summer-palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier: I said no,
Yet being an easy man, gave it: and there,
All wild to found an University
For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more
We know not, — only this: they see no men,
Not even her brother Arac, nor the twins
Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her
As on a kind of paragon; and I
(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to breed
Dispute betwixt myself and mine: but since
(And I confess with right) you think me bound
In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
Almost at naked nothing.'

Thus the king;
And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur
With garrulous ease and oily courtesies

Our formal compact, yet, not less (all frets
But chafing me on fire to find my bride)
Went forth again with both my friends. We rode
Many a long league back to the North. At last
From hills, that look'd across a land of hope,
We dropt with evening on a rustic town
Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,
Close at the boundary of the liberties;
There enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host
To council, plied him with his richest wines,
And show'd the late-writ letters of the king.

He with a long low sibilation, stared
As blank as death in marble; then exclaim'd,
Averring it was clear against all rules
For any man to go: but as his brain
Began to mellow, 'If the king,' he said,
'Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?
The king would bear him out;' and at the last —
The summer of the vine in all his veins —
'No doubt that we might make it worth his while.

She once had past that way; he heard her speak;
She scared him; life! he never saw the like;
She look'd as grand as doomsday and as grave:
And he, he reverenced his liege-lady there;
He always made a point to post with mares;
His daughter and his housemaid were the boys:
The land, he understood, for miles about
Was till'd by women; all the swine were sows,
And all the dogs'—
But while he jested thus,
A thought flash'd thro' me which I clothed in act,
Remembering how we three presented Maid
Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's court.
We sent mine host to purchase female gear;
He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter, holp
To lace us up, till each in maiden plumes
We rustled: him we gave a costly bribe
To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,
And boldly ventured on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight, when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
And linden alley: then we past an arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings
From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;
And some inscription ran along the front,
But deep in shadow: further on we gain'd
A little street, half garden and half house,
But scarce could hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose;
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,
By two sphere lamps blazon'd like Heaven and Earth
With constellation and with continent,
Above an entry: riding in, we call'd;

A plump-arm'd ostleress and a stable wench
Came running at the call, and help'd us down.
Then stept a buxom hostess forth, and sail'd,
Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave
Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost
In laurel: her we ask'd of that and this,
And who were tutors. 'Lady Blanche,' she said,
'And Lady Psyche.' 'Which was prettiest,
Best-natured?' 'Lady Psyche.' 'Hers are we,'
One voice, we cried; and I sat down and wrote,
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East:

'Three ladies of the Northern empire pray
Your Highness would enroll them with your own,
As Lady Psyche's pupils.'
This I seal'd:
The seal was Cupid bent above a scroll,
And o'er his head Uranian Venus hung,
And raised the blinding bandage from his eyes:

I gave the letter to be sent with dawn;
And then to bed, where half in doze I seem'd
To float about a glimmering night, and watch
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight, swell
On some dark shore just seen that it was rich.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

II.

At break of day the College Portress came:
She brought us Academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when these were on,
And we as rich as moths from dusk cocoons,
She, curtseying her obeisance, let us know
The Princess Ida waited: out we paced,
I first, and following thro' the porch that sang
All round with laurel, issued in a court
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, group'd in threes,
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst;
And here and there on lattice edges lay
Or book or lute; but hastily we past,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:

'We give you welcome: not without redound
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger: aftertime,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?'
'We of the court,' said Cyril. 'From the court,'
She answer'd; 'then ye know the Prince?' and he:

"*She rose her height.*"

THE PRINCESS.

Original etching by F. Demajes.

'The climax of his age! as tho' there were
One rose in all the world, your Highness that,
He worships your ideal.' She replied:
'We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;
Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,
We dream not of him: when we set our hand
To this great work, we purposed with ourself
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks which make us toys of men, that so,
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale.'

At those high words, we, conscious of ourselves,
Perused the matting; then an officer
Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these:

Not for three years to correspond with home;
Not for three years to cross the liberties;
Not for three years to speak with any men;
And many more, which hastily subscribed,
We enter'd on the boards: and 'Now,' she cried,
'Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!
Our statues! — not of those that men desire,
Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode,
Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
The Rhodope that built the pyramid,
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and lose
Convention, since to look on noble forms
Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism
That which is higher. O, lift your natures up;
Embrace our aims; work out your freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,

The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble. Leave us; you may go:
To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue
The fresh arrivals of the week before;
For they press in from all the provinces,
And fill the hive.'

She spoke, and bowing waved
Dismissal: back again we crost the court
To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in,
There sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils; she herself
Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed,
And on the hither side, or so she look'd,
Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,
In shining draperies, headed like a star,
Her maiden babe, a double April old,
Aglaïa slept. We sat: the Lady glanced:
Then Florian, but no livelier than the dame
That whisper'd 'Asses' ears' among the sedge,
'My sister.' 'Comely, too, by all that's fair,'
Said Cyril. 'O, hush, hush!' and she began:

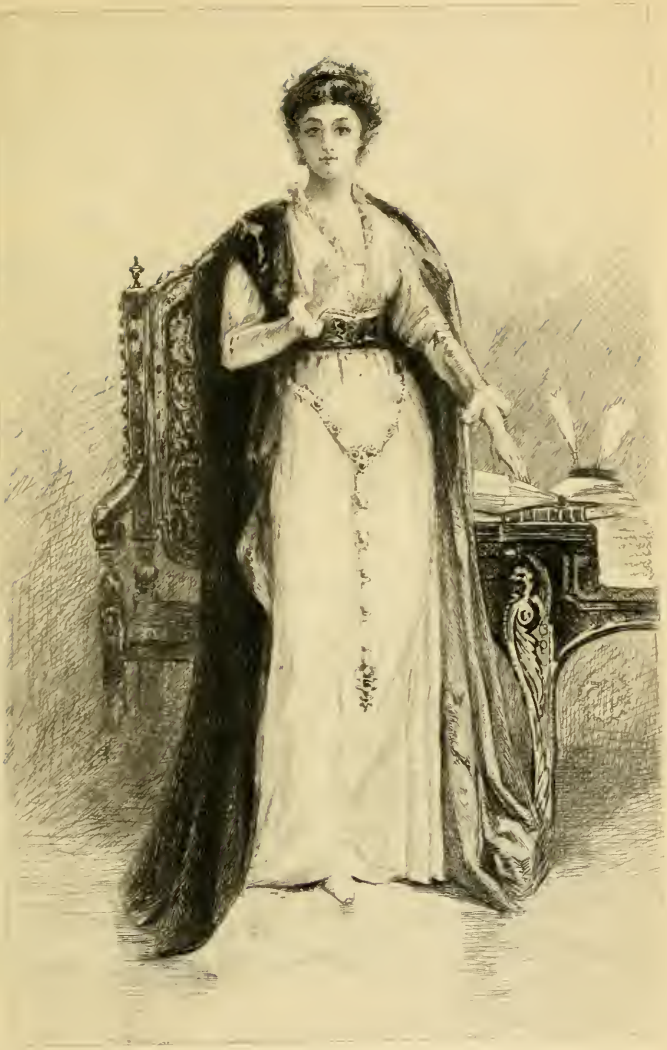
'This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then the man;
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here
Among the lowest.'

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye-view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till warming with her theme
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique
And little-footed China, touch'd on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry;
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman, superstition all awry:
However, then commenced the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land

*Lady Psyche.*

THE PRINCESS.

Etched by W. H. W. Bicknell from painting by E. H. Garrett.



Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught:
Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:
Some men's were small; not they the least of men,
For often fineness compensated size:
Besides, the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been lost;
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in truth
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,

Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman: and in arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left her place,
And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this Oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.
At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future: 'everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind;
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more;
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'

She ended here, and beckon'd us: the rest
Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she
Began to address us, and was moving on
In gratulation, till as when a boat
Tacks and the slacken'd sail flaps, all her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried,
'My brother!' 'Well, my sister.' 'O,' she said,
'What do you here? and in this dress? and these?
Why who are these? a wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!'
'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd. 'Wretched boy,
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH?'
'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who could think
The softer Adams of your Academe,
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such
As chanted on the blanching bones of men?'
'But you will find it otherwise,' she said.
'You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! my vow
Binds me to speak, and O that iron will,

That axelike edge unturnable, our Head,
The Princess.' 'Well then, Psyche, take my life,
And nail me like a weasel on a grange
For warning; bury me beside the gate,
And cut this epitaph above my bones:
*Here lies a brother by a sister slain,*
*All for the common good of womankind.*'
'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'having seen
And heard the Lady Psyche.'
I struck in:
'Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the truth;
Receive it; and in me behold the Prince
Your countryman, affianced years ago
To the Lady Ida: here, for here she was,
And thus (what other way was left?) I came.'
'O Sir, O Prince, I have no country, none;
If any, this; but none. Whate'er I was
Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.
Affianced, Sir? love-whispers may not breathe
Within this vestal limit, and how should I,
Who am not mine, say, live: the thunderbolt
Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak; it falls.'
'Yet pause,' I said: 'for that inscription there,
I think no more of deadly lurks therein,

Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,
To scare the fowl from fruit: if more there be,
If more and acted on, what follows? war;
Your own work marr'd: for this your Academe,
Whichever side be victor, in the halloo
Will topple to the trumpet down, and pass
With all fair theories only made to gild
A stormless summer.' 'Let the Princess judge
Of that,' she said: 'farewell, Sir — and to you.
I shudder at the sequel, but I go.'

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I rejoin'd,
'The fifth in line from that old Florian,
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall
(The gaunt old baron with his beetle brow
Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)
As he bestrode my grandsire, when he fell,
And all else fled? we point to it, and we say,
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,
But branches current yet in kindred veins.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian added; 'she
With whom I sang about the morning hills,
Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly,
And snared the squirrel of the glen? are you

That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing brow,
To smooth my pillow, mix the foaming draught
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read
My sickness down to happy dreams? are you
That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?
You were that Psyche, but what are you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said, 'for whom
I would be that for ever which I seem,
Woman, if I might sit beside your feet,
And glean your scatter'd sapience.'
Then once more,
'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I began,
'That on her bridal morn before she past
From all her old companions, when the king
Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that ancient ties
Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;
That were there any of our people there
In want or peril, there was one to hear
And help them? look! for such are these and I.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd, 'to whom,
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the well?
The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,
And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and the
blood

Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept.
That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you
wept.
O, by the bright head of my little niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again,
'The mother of the sweetest little maid
That ever crow'd for kisses.'
'Out upon it!'
She answer'd, 'peace! and why should I not
play
The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
Him you call great: he for the common weal,
The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good need were,
Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on whom
The secular emancipation turns
Of half this world, be swerved from right to
save
A prince, a brother? a little will I yield.
Best so, perchance, for us, and well for you.
O, hard when love and duty clash! I fear
My conscience will not count me fleckless; yet —

Hear my conditions: promise (otherwise
You perish) as you came, to slip away,
To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be said,
These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
They fled, who might have shamed us: promise, all.'

What could we else, we promised each; and she,
Like some wild creature newly-caged, commenced
A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused
By Florian; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling faintly said:
'I knew you at the first; tho' you have grown
You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and glad
To see you, Florian. *I* give thee to death,
My brother! it was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon it.
Our mother, is she well?'
With that she kiss'd
His forehead, then, a moment after, clung
About him, and betwixt them blossom'd up

From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,
And far allusion, till the gracious dews
Began to glisten and to fall ; and while
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice,
'I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.'
Back started she, and turning round we saw
The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood,
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(Her mother's colour) with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

So stood that same fair creature at the door.
Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah — Melissa — you!
You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O, pardon me!
I heard, I could not help it, did not wish;
But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,
Nor think I bear that heart within my breast,
To give three gallant gentlemen to death.'
'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we two

Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine;
But yet your mother's jealous temperament —
Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove
The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear
This whole foundation ruin, and I lose
My honour, these their lives.' 'Ah, fear me not,'
Replied Melissa; 'no — I would not tell,
No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
No, not to answer, Madam, all those hard things
That Sheba came to ask of Solomon.'
'Be it so,' the other, 'that we still may lead
The new light up, and culminate in peace,
For Solomon may come to Sheba yet.'
Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wisest man
Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls
Of Lebanonian cedar; nor should you
(Tho', Madam, *you* should answer, *we* would ask)
Less welcome find among us, if you came
Among us, debtors for our lives to you,
Myself for something more.' He said not what,
But 'Thanks,' she answer'd, 'Go; we have been too long
Together: keep your hoods about the face;

They do so that affect abstraction here.
Speak little; mix not with the rest; and hold
Your promise: all, I trust, may yet be well.'

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child,
And held her round the knees against his waist,
And blew the swoln cheek of a trumpeter,
While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child
Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd;
And thus our conference closed.
And then we stroll'd
For half the day thro' stately theatres
Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration: follow'd then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thunderous Epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever: then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,

The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and known;
Till like three horses that have broken fence,
And glutted all night long breast-deep in corn,
We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke:
'Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we.'
'They hunt old trails,' said Cyril, 'very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?'
'Ungracious!' answer'd Florian; 'have you learnt
No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd
The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?'
'O trash,' he said, 'but with a kernel in it.
Should I not call her wise, who made me wise?
And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in.
A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,
And round these halls a thousand baby loves
Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts,
Whence follows many a vacant pang; but O,

With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,
The head of all the golden-shafted firm,
The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche too;
He cleft me thro' the stomacher; and now
What think you of it, Florian? do I chase
The substance or the shadow? will it hold?
I have no sorcerer's malison on me,
No ghostly hauntings like his Highness. I
Flatter myself that always everywhere
I know the substance when I see it. Well,
Are castles shadows? Three of them? Is she
The sweet proprietress a shadow? If not,
Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd coat?
For dear are those three castles to my wants,
And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,
And two dear things are one of double worth,
And much I might have said, but that my zone
Unmann'd me: then the Doctors! O, to hear
The Doctors! O, to watch the thirsty plants
Imbibing! once or twice I thought to roar,
To break my chain, to shake my mane: but thou,
Modulate me, soul of mincing mimicry!
Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat;

Abase those eyes that ever loved to meet
Star-sisters answering under crescent brows;
Abate the stride which speaks of man, and loose
A flying charm of blushes o'er this cheek,
Where they like swallows coming out of time
Will wonder why they came: but hark the bell
For dinner, let us go!'

And in we stream'd
Among the columns, pacing staid and still
By twos and threes, till all from end to end
With beauties every shade of brown and fair,
In colours gayer than the morning mist,
The long hall glitter'd like a bed of flowers.
How might a man not wander from his wits
Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,
The second-sight of some Astræan age,
Sat compass'd with professors: they, the while,
Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro:
A clamour thicken'd, mixt with inmost terms
Of art and science: Lady Blanche alone
Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown,

Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
In act to spring.
At last a solemn grace
Concluded, and we sought the gardens: there
One walk'd reciting by herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smoothed a petted peacock down with that;
Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge
Hung, shadow'd from the heat; some hid and sought
In the orange thickets; others tost a ball
Above the fountain-jets, and back again
With laughter; others lay about the lawns,
Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their May
Was passing: what was learning unto them?
They wish'd to marry; they could rule a house;
Men hated learned women: but we three
Sat muffled like the Fates; and often came
Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
That harm'd not: then day droopt; the chapel bells

Call'd us: we left the walks; we mixt with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labours for the world.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

III.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
We rose, and each by other drest with care
Descended to the court that lay three parts
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were touch'd
Above the darkness from their native East.

There while we stood beside the fount, and watch'd
Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble, approach'd
Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of sleep,
Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes
The circled Iris of a night of tears;
'And fly,' she cried, 'O, fly, while yet you may!
My mother knows:' and when I ask'd her 'how,'
'My fault,' she wept, 'my fault! and yet not mine;
Yet mine in part. O, hear me, pardon me!

My mother, 't is her wont from night to night
To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
She says the Princess should have been the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
And so it was agreed when first they came;
But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,
And she the left, or not, or seldom used;
Hers more than half the students, all the love.
And so last night she fell to canvass you:
*Her* countrywomen! she did not envy her.
"Who ever saw such wild barbarians?
Girls? — more like men!" and at these words the snake,
My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;
And, oh, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek
Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye
To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh'd:
"O marvellously modest maiden, you!
Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men
You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus
For wholesale comment." Pardon, I am shamed
That I must needs repeat for my excuse
What looks so little graceful: "men" (for still

My mother went revolving on the word)
"And so they are, — very like men indeed —
And with that woman closeted for hours!"
Then came these dreadful words out one by one,
"Why — these — *are* — men:" I shudder'd:
"and you know it."
"O, ask me nothing," I said: "And she knows too,
And she conceals it." So my mother clutch'd
The truth at once, but with no word from me;
And now thus early risen she goes to inform
The Princess: Lady Psyche will be crush'd;
But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly:
But heal me with your pardon ere you go.'

'What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?'
Said Cyril: 'Pale one, blush again: than wear
Those lilies, better blush our lives away.
Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven,'
He added, 'lest some classic Angel speak
In scorn of us, "They mounted, Ganymedes,
To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn."
But I will melt this marble into wax
To yield us farther furlough:' and he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought
He scarce would prosper. 'Tell us,' Florian ask'd,
'How grew this feud betwixt the right and left.'
'O, long ago,' she said, 'betwixt these two
Division smoulders hidden; 't is my mother,
Too jealous, often fretful as the wind
Pent in a crevice: much I bear with her:
I never knew my father, but she says
(God help her) she was wedded to a fool;
And still she rail'd against the state of things.
She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,
And from the Queen's decease she brought her up.
But when your sister came she won the heart
Of Ida: they were still together, grew
(For so they said themselves) inosculated;
Consonant chords that shiver to one note;
One mind in all things: yet my mother still
Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,
And angled with them for her pupil's love:
She calls her plagiarist; I know not what:
But I must go: I dare not tarry,' and light,
As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled.

Then murmur'd Florian gazing after her,
'An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.
If I could love, why this were she: how pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,
As if to close with Cyril's random wish!
Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,
Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow.'

'The crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.
My princess, O my princess! true she errs,
But in her own grand way: being herself
Three times more noble than three score of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown
To blind the truth and me: for her, and her,
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
The nectar; but — ah she — whene'er she moves
The Samian Herè rises and she speaks,
A Memnon smitten with the morning sun.'

So saying, from the court we paced, and gain'd
The terrace ranged along the Northern front,
And leaning there on those balusters, high
Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
That blown about the foliage underneath,
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came
Cyril, and yawning, 'O hard task,' he cried;
'No fighting shadows here! I forced a way
Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd.
Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump
A league of street in summer solstice down,
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.
I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found her there
At point to move, and settled in her eyes
The green malignant light of coming storm.
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,
As man's could be; yet maiden-meek I pray'd
Concealment: she demanded who we were,
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,
But, your example pilot, told her all.
Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye.
But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,

She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray.
I urged the fierce inscription on the gate,
And our three lives. True — we had limed
ourselves
With open eyes, and we must take the chance.
But such extremes, I told her, well might harm
The woman's cause. "Not more than now,"
she said,
"So puddled as it is with favouritism."
I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befall
Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew:
Her answer was, "Leave me to deal with that."
I spoke of war to come and many deaths,
And she replied, her duty was to speak,
And duty duty, clear of consequences.
I grew discouraged, Sir; but since I knew
No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years,
I recommenced: "Decide not ere you pause.
I find you here but in the second place,
Some say the third — the authentic foundress
you.
I offer boldly: we will seat you highest:
Wink at our advent; help my prince to gain

His rightful bride, and here I promise you
Some palace in our land, where you shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair she-world,
And your great name flow on with broadening time
For ever." Well, she balanced this a little,
And told me she would answer us to-day,
Meantime be mute: thus much, nor more I gain'd.'

He ceasing, came a message from the Head:
'That afternoon the Princess rode to take
The dip of certain strata to the North.
Would we go with her? we should find the land
Worth seeing; and the river made a fall
Out yonder:' then she pointed on to where
A double hill ran up his furrowy forks
Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the vale.

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro' all
Its range of duties to the appointed hour.
Then summon'd to the porch we went. She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one

Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he roll'd
And paw'd about her sandal. I drew near;
I gazed. On a sudden my strange seizure came
Upon me, the weird vision of our house:
The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,
Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy,
Her college and her maidens empty masks,
And I myself the shadow of a dream,
For all things were and were not. Yet I felt
My heart beat thick with passion and with awe;
Then from my breast the involuntary sigh
Brake, as she smote me with the light of eyes
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook
My pulses, till to horse we got, and so
Went forth in long retinue following up
The river as it narrow'd to the hills.

I rode beside her and to me she said:
'O friend, we trust that you esteem'd us not
Too harsh to your companion yestermorn;
Unwillingly we spake.' 'No — not to her,'
I answer'd, 'but to one of whom we spake
Your Highness might have seem'd the thing you
say.'

'Again?' she cried, 'are you ambassadresses
From him to me? we give you, being strange,
A license: speak, and let the topic die.'

I stammer'd that I knew him — could have wish'd —
'Our king expects — was there no precontract?
There is no truer-hearted — ah, you seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but long'd
To follow: surely, if your Highness keep
Your purport, you will shock him even to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair.'

'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not read — no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball — no games? nor deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exercise?
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl;
As girls were once, as we ourself have been:
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt with them:

We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it,
Being other — since we learnt our meaning here,
To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man.'

She paused, and added with a haughtier smile:
'And as to precontracts, we move, my friend,
At no man's beck, but know ourself and thee,
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms.'

'Alas, your Highness breathes full East,' I said,
'On that which leans to you. I know the Prince,
I prize his truth: and then how vast a work
To assail this gray preëminence of man!
You grant me license; might I use it? think;
Ere half be done perchance your life may fail;
Then comes the feebler heiress of your plan,
And takes and ruins all; and thus your pains
May only make that footprint upon sand
Which old-recurring waves of prejudice

Resmooth to nothing: might I dread that you,
With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,
Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?'
And she exclaim'd,
'Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild!
What! tho' your Prince's love were like a God's,
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?
You are bold indeed: we are not talk'd to thus:
Yet will we say for children, would they grew
Like field-flowers everywhere! we like them well:
But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.
Children — that men may pluck them from our hearts,
Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves —
O — children — there is nothing upon earth

More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err: nor would we work for fame;
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great,
Who learns the one POU STO whence after-hands
May move the world, tho' she herself effect
But little: wherefore up and act, nor shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipated
By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been,
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
Of giants living, each, a thousand years,
That we might see our own work out, and watch
The sandy footprint harden into stone.'

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself
If that strange Poet-princess with her grand
Imaginations might at all be won.
And she broke out interpreting my thoughts:

'No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you;
We are used to that: for women, up till this

Cramp'd under worse than South-sea-isle taboo,
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far
In high desire, they know not, cannot guess
How much their welfare is a passion to us.
If we could give them surer, quicker proof —
Oh, if our end were less achievable
By slow approaches than by single act
Of immolation, any phase of death,
We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,
To compass our dear sisters' liberties.'

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear;
And up we came to where the river sloped
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks
A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,
And danced the colour, and, below, stuck out
The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd
Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,
'As these rude bones to us, are we to her
That will be.' 'Dare we dream of that,' I ask'd,

'Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,
That practice betters?' 'How,' she cried, 'you love
The metaphysics! read and earn our prize,
A golden brooch: beneath an emerald plane
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died
Of hemlock; our device; wrought to the life;
She rapt upon her subject, he on her:
For there are schools for all.' 'And yet,' I said,
'Methinks I have not found among them all
One anatomic.' 'Nay, we thought of that,'
She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not: in truth,
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of the grave,
Or in the dark dissolving human heart,
And holy secrets of this microcosm,
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,
Encarnalize their spirits: yet we know
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs:
Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,

Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,
For many weary moons before we came,
This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
Would tend upon you. To your question now,
Which touches on the workman and his work.
Let there be light and there was light: 't is so:
For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light: but we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession: thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;
But in the shadow will we work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day.'

She spake
With kindled eyes: we rode a league beyond,
And, o'er a bridge of pine-wood crossing, came
On flowery levels underneath the crag,
Full of all beauty. 'O, how sweet,' I said
(For I was half-oblivious of my mask),

'To linger here with one that loved us!' 'Yea,'
She answer'd, 'or with fair philosophies
That lift the fancy; for indeed these fields
Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,
Where paced the Demigods of old, and saw
The soft white vapour streak the crowned towers
Built to the Sun:' then, turning to her maids,
'Pitch our pavilion here upon the sward;
Lay out the viands.' At the word, they raised
A tent of satin, elaborately wrought
With fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden-cheek,
The woman-conqueror; woman-conquer'd there
The bearded Victor of ten-thousand hymns,
And all the men mourn'd at his side: but we
Set forth to climb; then, climbing, Cyril kept
With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I
With mine affianced. Many a little hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag; and then we turn'd, we wound
About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names

Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the sun
Grew broader toward his death and fell, and all
The rosy heights came out above the lawns.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

IV.

'There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound,'
Said Ida; 'let us down and rest;' and we
Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,
By every coppice-feather'd chasm and cleft,
Dropt thro' the ambrosial gloom to where below
No bigger than a glow-worm shone the tent
Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she lean'd on me,
Descending; once or twice she lent her hand,
And blissful palpitations in the blood
Stirring a sudden transport rose and fell.

But when we planted level feet, and dipt
Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in,
There leaning deep in broider'd down we sank
Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst
A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.
Then she, 'Let some one sing to us; lightlier
move

The minutes fledged with music: ' and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang.

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.'

She ended with such passion that the tear
She sang of shook and fell, an erring pearl

Lost in her bosom; but with some disdain
Answer'd the Princess: 'If indeed there haunt
About the moulder'd lodges of the past
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men,
Well needs it we should cram our ears with wool
And so pace by: but thine are fancies hatch'd
In silken-folded idleness; nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old bygones be,
While down the streams that float us each and all
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste
Becomes a cloud: for all things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal mights and rights,
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden: let the past be past; let be
Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the rough kex break
The starr'd mosaic, and the beard-blown goat
Hang on the shaft, and the wild fig-tree split
Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
A trumpet in the distance pealing news

Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow: ' then to me,
'Know you no song of your own land,' she said,
'Not such as moans about the retrospect,
But deals with the other distance and the hues
Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine?'

Then I remember'd one myself had made,
What time I watch'd the swallow winging south
From mine own land, part made long since, and part
Now while I sang, and maidenlike as far
As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

'O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

'O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

'O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

I ceased, and all the ladies, each at each,
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time,
Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd with alien lips,
And knew not what they meant; for still my voice
Rang false: but smiling, 'Not for thee,' she said,
'O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan

Shall burst her veil; marsh-divers, rather, maid,
Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow-crake
Grate her harsh kindred in the grass: and this
A mere love-poem! O, for such, my friend,
We hold them slight; they mind us of the time
When we made bricks in Egypt. Knaves are men,
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
And dress the victim to the offering up,
And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,
And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
Poor soul! I had a maid of honour once;
She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,
A rogue of canzonets and serenades.
I loved her. Peace be with her. She is dead.
So they blaspheme the muse! But great is song
Used to great ends: ourself have often tried
Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have dash'd
The passion of the prophetess; for song
Is duer unto freedom, force and growth
Of spirit, than to junketing and love.
Love is it? Would this same mock-love, and this

Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,
Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,
Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes
To be dandled, no, but living wills, and sphered
Whole in ourselves and owed to none. Enough!
But now to leaven play with profit, you,
Know you no song, the true growth of your soil,
That gives the manners of your countrywomen?'

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous head with eyes
Of shining expectation fixt on mine.
Then while I dragg'd my brains for such a song,
Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd glass had wrought,
Or master'd by the sense of sport, began
To troll a careless, careless tavern-catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him,
I frowning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd and shook;
The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows;
'Forbear,' the Princess cried; 'Forbear, Sir,' I;
And heated thro' and thro' with wrath and love,

I smote him on the breast; he started up;
There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd;
Melissa clamour'd, 'Flee the death;' 'To horse!'
Said Ida; 'home! to horse!' and fled, as flies
A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk
When some one batters at the dovecote-doors,
Disorderly the women. Alone I stood
With Florian, cursing Cyril, vext at heart,
In the pavilion: there like parting hopes
I heard them passing from me: hoof by hoof,
And every hoof a knell to my desires,
Clang'd on the bridge; and then another shriek,
'The Head, the Head, the Princess, O the Head!'
For blind with rage she miss'd the plank, and roll'd
In the river. Out I sprang from glow to gloom:
There whirl'd her white robe like a blossom'd branch
Rapt to the horrible fall: a glance I gave,
No more; but woman-vested as I was
Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I caught her; then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left

The weight of all the hopes of half the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A tree
Was half-disrooted from his place and stoop'd
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling wave
Mid-channel. Right on this we drove and caught,
And grasping down the boughs I gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly group'd
In the hollow bank. One reaching forward drew
My burthen from mine arms; they cried, 'She lives:'
They bore her back into the tent: but I,
So much a kind of shame within me wrought,
Not yet endured to meet her opening eyes,
Nor found my friends; but push'd alone on foot
(For since her horse was lost I left her mine)
Across the woods, and less from Indian craft
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found at length
The garden portals. Two great statues, Art
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up

A weight of emblem, and betwixt were valves
Of open-work in which the hunter rued
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his brows
Had sprouted, and the branches thereupon
Spread out at top and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the horns,
Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top with pain,
Dropt on the sward, and up the linden walks,
And, tost on thoughts that changed from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,
I paced the terrace till the Bear had wheel'd
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

A step
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain gloom,
Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this were she,'
But it was Florian. 'Hist, O hist,' he said,
'They seek us: out so late is out of rules.
Moreover "Seize the strangers" is the cry.
How came you here?' I told him: 'I,' said he,
'Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
To whom none spake, half-sick at heart, return'd.

Arriving all confused among the rest
With hooded brows I crept into the hall,
And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath
The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw.
Girl after girl was call'd to trial: each
Disclaim'd all knowledge of us: last of all
Melissa: trust me, Sir, I pitied her.
She, question'd if she knew us men, at first
Was silent; closer prest, denied it not:
And then, demanded if her mother knew
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not or denied:
From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her,
Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent
For Psyche, but she was not there; she call'd
For Psyche's child to cast it from the doors;
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to face·
And I slipt out: but whither will you now?
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are fled:
What, if together? that were not so well.
Would rather we had never come! I dread
His wildness, and the chances of the dark.'

'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong him more than I
That struck him: this is proper to the clown,

Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled, still the clown,
To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame
That which he says he loves: for Cyril, howe'er
He deal in frolic, as to-night — the song
Might have been worse and sinn'd in grosser lips
Beyond all pardon — as it is, I hold
These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament;
But as the waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he.'

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near
Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying, 'Names:'
He, standing still, was clutch'd; but I began
To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind
And double in and out the boles, and race
By all the fountains: fleet I was of foot:
Before me shower'd the rose in flakes; behind
I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,
And secret laughter tickled all my soul.

At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine
That claspt the feet of a Mnemosyne,
And falling on my face was caught and known.

They haled us to the Princess where she sat
High in the hall: above her droop'd a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm: a handmaid on each side
Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
And labour. Each was like a Druid rock;
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and wail'd about with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove
An advent to the throne; and therebeside,

Half-naked as if caught at once from bed
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay
The lily-shining child; and on the left,
Bow'd on her palms and folded up from wrong,
Her round white shoulder shaken with her sobs,
Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect
Stood up and spake, an affluent orator:

'It was not thus, O Princess, in old days:
You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips:
I led you then to all the Castalies;
I fed you with the milk of every Muse;
I loved you like this kneeler, and you me
Your second mother: those were gracious times.
Then came your new friend: you began to change —
I saw it and grieved — to slacken and to cool;
Till taken with her seeming openness
You turn'd your warmer currents all to her,
To me you froze: this was my meed for all.
Yet I bore up in part from ancient love,
And partly that I hoped to win you back,
And partly conscious of my own deserts,

And partly that you were my civil head,
And chiefly you were born for something great,
In which I might your fellow-worker be,
When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme
Grew up from seed we two long since had sown;
In us true growth, in her a Jonah's gourd,
Up in one night and due to sudden sun:
We took this palace; but even from the first
You stood in your own light and darken'd mine.
What student came but that you planed her path
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,
A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,
I your old friend and tried, she new in all?
But still her lists were swell'd and mine were lean;
Yet I bore up in hope she would be known:
Then came these wolves: *they* knew her; *they* endured,
Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,
To tell her what they were, and she to hear:
And me none told: not less to an eye like mine

A lidless watcher of the public weal,
Last night, their mask was patent, and my foot
Was to you: but I thought again: I fear'd
To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall hear
of it
From Lady Psyche:" you had gone to her,
She told, perforce; and winning easy grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd among us
In our young nursery still unknown, the stem
Less grain than touchwood, while my honest heat
Were all miscounted as malignant haste
To push my rival out of place and power.
But public use required she should be known;
And since my oath was ta'en for public use,
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.
I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them well,
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief done;
And yet this day (tho' you should hate me for it)
I came to tell you; found that you had gone,
Ridden to the hills, she likewise: now, I thought,
That surely she will speak; if not, then I:
Did she? These monsters blazon'd what they
were,
According to the coarseness of their kind,

For thus I hear; and known at last (my work)
And full of cowardice and guilty shame,
I grant in her some sense of shame, she flies;
And I remain on whom to wreak your rage,
I, that have lent my life to build up yours,
I that have wasted here health, wealth, and time,
And talent, I — you know it — I will not boast:
Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,
Divorced from my experience, will be chaff
For every gust of chance, and men will say
We did not know the real light, but chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread.'

She ceased: the Princess answer'd coldly,
'Good:
Your oath is broken: we dismiss you; go.
For this lost lamb (she pointed to the child)
Our mind is changed: we take it to ourself.'

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile.
'The plan was mine. I built the nest,' she said,
'To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!' and stoop'd to
updrag

Melissa: she, half on her mother propt,
Half-drooping from her, turn'd her face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,
Which melted Florian's fancy as she hung,
A Niobëan daughter, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven; and while
We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden rush'd
Among us, out of breath, as one pursued,
A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face, and wing'd
Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell
Delivering seal'd dispatches which the Head
Took half-amazed, and in her lion's mood
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise
Regarding, while she read, till over brow
And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom
As of some fire against a stormy cloud,
When the wild peasant rights himself, the rick
Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens;
For anger most it seem'd, while now her breast,
Beaten with some great passion at her heart,

Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard
In the dead hush the papers that she held
Rustle: at once the lost lamb at her feet
Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam;
The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she crush'd
The scrolls together, made a sudden turn
As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,
She whirl'd them on to me, as who should say
'Read,' and I read — two letters — one her sire's:

'Fair daughter, when we sent the Prince your way
We knew not your ungracious laws, which learnt,
We, conscious of what temper you are built,
Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell
Into his father's hands, who has this night,
You lying close upon his territory,
Slipt round and in the dark invested you,
And here he keeps me hostage for his son.'

The second was my father's running thus:
'You have our son: touch not a hair of his head:
Render him up unscathed: give him your hand:

Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed we hear
You hold the woman is the better man;
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
Would make all women kick against their lords
Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve
That we this night should pluck your palace down;
And we will do it, unless you send us back
Our son, on the instant, whole.'
So far I read;
And then stood up and spoke impetuously:

'O, not to pry and peer on your reserve,
But led by golden wishes, and a hope
The child of regal compact, did I break
Your precinct; not a scorner of your sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be: hear me, for I bear,
Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er your wrongs,
From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a life
Less mine than yours: my nurse would tell me of you;
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,

Vague brightness; when a boy, you stoop'd to me
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south
And blown to inmost north; at eve and dawn
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;
The leader wild-swan in among the stars
Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of glow-worm light
The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida. Now,
Because I would have reach'd you, had you been
Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the enthroned
Persephonè in Hades, now at length,
Those winters of abeyance all worn out,
A man I came to see you: but, indeed,
Not in this frequence can I lend full tongue,
O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait
On you, their centre: let me say but this,
That many a famous man and woman, town
And landskip, have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage: tho' when known, there grew
Another kind of beauty in detail

Made them worth knowing; but in you I found
My boyish dream involved and dazzled down
And master'd, while that after-beauty makes
Such head from act to act, from hour to hour,
Within me, that except you slay me here,
According to your bitter statute-book,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say
The seal does music; who desire you more
Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,
With many thousand matters left to do,
The breath of life; O, more than poor men wealth,
Than sick men health — yours, yours, not mine — but half
Without you; with you, whole; and of those halves
You worthiest; and howe'er you block and bar
Your heart with system out from mine, I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die:
Yet that I came not all unauthorized
Behold your father's letter.'

On one knee
Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught, and dash'd
Unopen'd at her feet: a tide of fierce
Invective seem'd to wait behind her lips,
As waits a river level with the dam
Ready to burst and flood the world with foam:
And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gather'd together: from the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gem-like eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamour grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse-confounded: high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head: but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and call'd
Across the tumult, and the tumult fell.

'What fear ye, brawlers? am not I your Head?
On me, me, me, the storm first breaks: *I* dare
All these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us and they come:
If not, — myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,
And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,
Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,
Die: yet I blame you not so much for fear;
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you: but for those
That stir this hubbub — you and you — I know

Your faces there in the crowd — to-morrow morn
We hold a great convention: then shall they
That love their voices more than duty, learn
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.'

She, ending, waved her hands: thereat the crowd
Muttering, dissolved: then with a smile, that look'd
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the glens are drown'd in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower, she floated to us and said:

'You have done well and like a gentleman,
And like a prince: you have our thanks for all:
And you look well too in your woman's dress:
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You saved our life: we owe you bitter thanks:
Better have died and spilt our bones in the flood —
Then men had said — but now — what hinders me
To take such bloody vengeance on you both? —
Yet since our father — Wasps in our good hive,
You would-be quenchers of the light to be,
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears —
O, would I had his sceptre for one hour!
You that have dared to break our bound, and gull'd
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and thwarted us —
*I* wed with thee! *I* bound by precontract
Your bride, your bondslave! not tho' all the gold
That veins the world were pack'd to make your crown,
And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir,

Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us:
I trample on your offers and on you:
Begone: we will not look upon you more.
Here, push them out at gates.'
In wrath she spake.
Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough
Bent their broad faces toward us and address'd
Their motion: twice I sought to plead my cause,
But on my shoulder hung their heavy hands,
The weight of destiny: so from her face
They push'd us, down the steps, and thro' the court,
And with grim laughter thrust us out at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd a petty mound
Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and heard
The voices murmuring. While I listen'd, came
On a sudden the weird seizure and the doubt:
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts;
The Princess with her monstrous woman-guard,
The jest and earnest working side by side,

The cataract and the tumult and the kings
Were shadows; and the long fantastic night
With all its doings had and had not been,
And all things were and were not.
This went by
As strangely as it came, and on my spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy;
Not long; I shook it off; for spite of doubts
And sudden ghostly shadowings I was one
To whom the touch of all mischance but came
As night to him that sitting on a hill
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun
Set into sunrise; then we moved away.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

So Lilia sang: we thought her half-possess'd,
She struck such warbling fury thro' the words;
And, after, feigning pique at what she call'd
The raillery, or grotesque, or false sublime —
Like one that wishes at a dance to change
The music — clapt her hands and cried for war,
Or some grand fight to kill and make an end:
And he that next inherited the tale,
Half turning to the broken statue, said,
'Sir Ralph has got your colours; if I prove
Your knight, and fight your battle, what for me?'

It chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb
Lay by her like a model of her hand.
She took it and she flung it. 'Fight,' she said,
'And make us all we would be, great and good.'
He knightlike in his cap instead of casque,
A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,
Arranged the favour, and assumed the Prince.

V.

Now, scarce three paces measured from the mound,
We stumbled on a stationary voice,
And 'Stand, who goes?' 'Two from the palace,' I.
'The second two: they wait,' he said, 'pass on;
His Highness wakes:' and one that clash'd in arms
By glimmering lanes and walls of canvas led
Threading the soldier-city, till we heard
The drowsy folds of our great ensign shake
From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial tent
Whispers of war.
Entering, the sudden light
Dazed me half-blind: I stood and seem'd to hear,
As in a poplar grove when a light wind wakes
A lisping of the innumerous leaf and dies,
Each hissing in his neighbour's ear; and then

A strangled titter, out of which there brake
On all sides, clamouring etiquette to death,
Unmeasured mirth; while now the two old kings
Began to wag their baldness up and down,
The fresh young captains flash'd their glittering teeth,
The huge bush-bearded barons heaved and blew,
And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded squire.

At length my sire, his rough cheek wet with tears,
Panted from weary sides, 'King, you are free!
We did but keep you surety for our son,
If this be he, — or a draggled mawkin, thou,
That tends her bristled grunters in the sludge:'
For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn with briers,
More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,
And all one rag, disprinced from head to heel.
Then some one sent beneath his vaulted palm
A whisper'd jest to some one near him, 'Look,
He has been among his shadows.' 'Satan take

The old women and their shadows!' — thus the
King
Roar'd—'make yourself a man to fight with men.
Go: Cyril told us all.'
As boys that slink
From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,
Away we stole, and transient in a trice
From what was left of faded woman-slough
To sheathing splendours and the golden scale
Of harness, issued in the sun, that now
Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the Earth,
And hit the Northern hills. Here Cyril met us,
A little shy at first, but by and by
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and given
For stroke and song, resolder'd peace, whereon
Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled away
Thro' the dark land, and later in the night
Had come on Psyche weeping: 'then we fell
Into your father's hand, and there she lies,
But will not speak, nor stir.'
He show'd a tent
A stone-shot off: we enter'd in, and there
Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,
Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,

Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And push'd by rude hands from its pedestal,
All her fair length upon the ground she lay;
And at her head a follower of the camp,
A charr'd and wrinkled piece of womanhood,
Sat watching like a watcher by the dead.

Then Florian knelt, and 'Come,' he whisper'd to her,
'Lift up your head, sweet sister: lie not thus.
What have you done but right? you could not slay
Me, nor your prince: look up; be comforted:
Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fallen in darker ways.' And likewise I:
'Be comforted: have I not lost her too,
In whose least act abides the nameless charm
That none has else for me?' She heard, she moved,
She moan'd, a folded voice; and up she sat,
And raised the cloak from brows as pale and smooth
As those that mourn half-shrouded over death

In deathless marble. 'Her,' she said, 'my friend —
Parted from her — betray'd her cause and mine —
Where shall I breathe? why kept ye not your faith?
O base and bad! what comfort? none for me!'
To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet I pray
Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your child!'
At which she lifted up her voice and cried.

'Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
The child is hers — for every little fault,
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl
Remembering her mother: O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,

To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all:
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one child;
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me
Who gave me back my child?' 'Be comforted,'
Said Cyril, 'you shall have it:' but again
She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and so
Like tender things that being caught feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirr'd.
By this a murmur ran
Thro' all the camp, and inward raced the scouts
With rumour of Prince Arac hard at hand.
We left her by the woman, and without
Found the gray kings at parle: and 'Look you,' cried
My father, 'that our compact be fulfill'd:

You have spoilt this child; she laughs at you
and man:
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him:
But red-faced war has rods of steel and fire;
She yields, or war.'
Then Gama turn'd to me:
'We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy time
With our strange girl; and yet they say that
still
You love her. Give us, then, your mind at
large:
How say you, war or not?'
'Not war, if possible,
O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of war,
The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smouldering homestead, and the household
flower
Torn from the lintel — all the common wrong —
A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her
Three times a monster: now she lightens scorn
At him that mars her plan, but then would hate
(And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,
And every face she look'd on justify it)
The general foe. More soluble is this knot

By gentleness than war. I want her love.
What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd
Your cities into shards with catapults?
She would not love; — or brought her chain'd, a slave,
The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord?
Not ever would she love; but brooding turn
The book of scorn, till all my flitting chance
Were caught within the record of her wrongs
And crush'd to death: and rather, Sire, than this
I would the old God of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,
Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,
Not to be molten out.'

And roughly spake
My father, 'Tut, you know them not, the girls.
Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think
That idiot legend credible. Look you, Sir!
Man is the hunter; woman is his game:
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins;
They love us for it, and we ride them down.

Wheedling and siding with them! Out! for shame!
Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them
As he that does the thing they dare not do,
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes
With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in
Among the women, snares them by the score
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd with death
He reddens what he kisses: thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
Worth winning; but this firebrand — gentleness
To such as her! if Cyril spake her true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
Were wisdom to it.'
'Yea, but, Sire,' I cried,
'Wild natures need wise curbs. The soldier? No:
What dares not Ida do that she should prize
The soldier? I beheld her, when she rose
The yesternight, and storming in extremes
Stood for her cause, and flung defiance down

Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd the death,
No, not the soldier's; yet I hold her, king,
True woman: but you clash them all in one,
That have as many differences as we.
The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm: one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily; their sinless faith,
A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
Glorifying clown and satyr; whence they need
More breadth of culture: is not Ida right?
They worth it? truer to the law within?
Severer in the logic of a life?
Twice as magnetic to sweet influences
Of earth and heaven? and she of whom you speak,
My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves; I say,
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,
Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire,
But whole and one: and take them all-in-all,

Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,
As truthful, much that Ida claims as right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs
As dues of Nature. To our point: not war;
Lest I lose all.'

'Nay, nay, you spake but sense,'
Said Gama. 'We remember love ourself
In our sweet youth; we did not rate him then
This red-hot iron to be shaped with blows.
You talk almost like Ida: *she* can talk;
And there is something in it as you say:
But you talk kindlier: we esteem you for it. —
He seems a gracious and a gallant Prince,
I would he had our daughter: for the rest,
Our own detention, why, the causes weigh'd,
Fatherly fears — you used us courteously —
We would do much to gratify your Prince —
We pardon it; and for your ingress here
Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair land,
You did but come as goblins in the night,
Nor in the furrow broke the ploughman's head,
Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the milking-
maid,
Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of cream:

But let your Prince (our royal word upon it,
He comes back safe) ride with us to our lines,
And speak with Arac: Arac's word is thrice
As ours with Ida: something may be done —
I know not what — and ours shall see us friends.
You, likewise, our late guests, if so you will,
Follow us: who knows? we four may build some plan
Foursquare to opposition.'

Here he reach'd
White hands of farewell to my sire, who growl'd
An answer which, half-muffled in his beard,
Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king across the lawns
Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings of Spring
In every bole, a song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines, and woke
Desire in me to infuse my tale of love
In the old king's ears, who promised help, and oozed
All o'er with honey'd answer as we rode;
And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy dews

Gather'd by night and peace, with each light air
On our mail'd heads: but other thoughts than Peace
Burnt in us, when we saw the embattled squares,
And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers
With clamour: for among them rose a cry
As if to greet the king; they made a halt;
The horses yell'd; they clash'd their arms; the drum
Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the martial fife;
And in the blast and bray of the long horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner: anon to meet us lightly pranced
Three captains out; nor ever had I seen
Such thews of men: the midmost and the highest
Was Arac: all about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that play'd upon them, made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,
That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark;

And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard
War-music, felt the blind wild-beast of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
Stir in me as to strike: then took the king
His three broad sons; with now a wandering hand
And now a pointed finger, told them all:
A common light of smiles at our disguise
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy jest
Had labour'd down within his ample lungs,
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words.

'Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he himself
Your captive, yet my father wills not war:
And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war or no?
But then this question of your troth remains:
And there 's a downright honest meaning in her;

She flies too high, she flies too high! and yet
She ask'd but space and fair-play for her scheme;
She prest and prest it on me — I myself,
What know I of these things? but, life and soul!
I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs;
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what of that?
I take her for the flower of womankind,
And so I often told her, right or wrong,
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not: this is all,
I stand upon her side: she made me swear it —
'Sdeath — and with solemn rites by candle-light —
Swear by Saint something — I forget her name —
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men;
*She* was a princess too; and so I swore.
Come, this is all; she will not: waive your claim:
If not, the foughten field, what else, at once
Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's will.'

I lagg'd in answer loth to render up
My precontract, and loth by brainless war
To cleave the rift of difference deeper yet;
Till one of those two brothers, half aside
And fingering at the hair about his lip,
To prick us on to combat, 'Like to like!
The woman's garment hid the woman's heart.'
A taunt that clench'd his purpose like a blow!
For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-scoff,
And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the point
Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,
'Decide it here: why not? we are three to three.'

Then spake the third, 'But three to three? no more?
No more, and in our noble sister's cause?
More, more, for honour! every captain waits
Hungry for honour, angry for his king.
More, more, some fifty on a side, that each
May breathe himself, and quick! by overthrow
Of these or those, the question settled die.'

'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild wreath of air,
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest

Foam of men's deeds — this honour, if ye will.
It needs must be for honour if at all:
Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail,
And if we win, we fail; she would not keep
Her compact.' 'Sdeath! but we will send to her,'
Said Arac, 'worthy reasons why she should
Bide by this issue: let our missive thro',
And you shall have her answer by the word.'

'Boys!' shriek'd the old king, but vainlier than a hen
To her false daughters in the pool; for none
Regarded; neither seem'd there more to say:
Back rode we to my father's camp, and found
He thrice had sent a herald to the gates,
To learn if Ida yet would cede our claim,
Or by denial flush her babbling wells
With her own people's life: three times he went:
The first, he blew and blew, but none appear'd:
He batter'd at the doors; none came: the next,
An awful voice within had warn'd him thence:

The third, and those eight daughters of the plough
Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught his hair,
And so belabour'd him on rib and cheek
They made him wild: not less one glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise
Of arms; and standing like a stately pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right and left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents, dash'd to the vale: and yet her will
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was pledged
To fight in tourney for my bride, he clash'd
His iron palms together with a cry;
Himself would tilt it out among the lads:
But overborne by all his bearded lords
With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce

He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce demur:
And many a bold knight started up in heat,
And sware to combat for my claim till death.

All on this side the palace ran the field
Flat to the garden-wall; and likewise here,
Above the garden's glowing blossom-belts,
A column'd entry shone and marble stairs,
And great bronze valves, emboss'd with Tomyris
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barr'd: so here upon the flat
All that long morn the lists were hammer'd up,
And all that morn the heralds to and fro,
With message and defiance, went and came;
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
But shaken here and there, and rolling words
Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read:

'O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation when we heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire

Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those, —
Mothers, — that, all prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion: and I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
With smoother men; the old leaven leaven'd all;
Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
No woman named: therefore I set my face
Against all men, and lived but for mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for them;
I stored it full of rich memorial;
I fenced it round with gallant institutes,
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey,
And prosper'd; till a rout of saucy boys
Brake on us at our books, and marr'd our peace,
Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know not what
Of insolence and love, some pretext held
Of baby troth, invalid, since my will
Seal'd not the bond — the striplings! — for their sport! —

I tamed my leopards: shall I not tame these?
Or you? or I? for since you think me touch'd
In honour — what! I would not aught of false —
Is not our cause pure? and whereas I know
Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's blood
You draw from, fight; you failing, I abide
What end soever: fail you will not. Still
Take not his life: he risk'd it for my own;
His mother lives: yet whatsoe'er you do,
Fight and fight well; strike and strike home.
O dear
Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you, you
The sole men to be mingled with our cause,
The sole men we shall prize in the after-time,
Your very armour hallow'd, and your statues
Rear'd, sung to, when, this gadfly brush'd aside,
We plant a solid foot into the Time,
And mould a generation strong to move
With claim on claim from right to right, till she
Whose name is yoked with children's know
herself;
And Knowledge in our own land make her free,
And, ever following those two crowned twins,
Commerce and Conquest, shower the fiery grain

Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs
Between the Northern and the Southern morn.'

Then came a postscript dash'd across the rest:
'See that there be no traitors in your camp:
We seem a nest of traitors — none to trust
Since our arms fail'd — this Egypt-plague of men!
Almost our maids were better at their homes,
Than thus man-girdled here: indeed I think
Our chiefest comfort is the little child
Of one unworthy mother; which she left:
She shall not have it back: the child shall grow
To prize the authentic mother of her mind.
I took it for an hour in mine own bed
This morning; there the tender orphan hands
Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence
The wrath I nursed against the world: farewell.'

I ceased; he said, 'Stubborn, but she may sit
Upon a king's right hand in thunder-storms,
And breed up warriors! See now, tho' yourself
Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs

That swallow common sense, the spindling king,
This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance.
When the man wants weight, the woman takes
it up,
And topples down the scales; but this is fixt
As are the roots of earth and base of all:
Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle she;
Man with the head and woman with the heart;
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion. Look you! the gray mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell
Mix with his hearth: but you — she's yet a
colt —
Take, break her; strongly groom'd and straitly
curb'd
She might not rank with those detestable
That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the
street.
They say she's comely; there's the fairer
chance:

*I* like her none the less for rating at her!
Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace
Of twins may weed her of her folly. Boy,
The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.'

Thus the hard old king:
I took my leave, for it was nearly noon;
I pored upon her letter which I held,
And on the little clause 'take not his life;'
I mused on that wild morning in the woods,
And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win;'
I thought on all the wrathful king had said,
And how the strange betrothment was to end:
Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's curse
That one should fight with shadows and should fall;
And like a flash the weird affection came:
King, camp, and college turn'd to hollow shows;
I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,
And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,
To dream myself the shadow of a dream;
And ere I woke it was the point of noon,
The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed

We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared
At the barrier like a wild horn in a land
Of echoes, and a moment, and once more
The trumpet, and again; at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In conflict with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream, I dream'd
Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks; part reel'd but kept their seats;
Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew;
Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses. Down
From those two bulks at Arac's side, and down
From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere
He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,
And all the plain, — brand, mace, and shaft, and shield, —
Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd

With hammers; till I thought, can this be he
From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this be so,
The mother makes us most — and in my dream
I glanced aside, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,
And highest, among the statues, statue-like,
Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a Saint's glory up in heaven; but she
No saint — inexorable — no tenderness —
Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me fight,
Yea, let her see me fall! with that I drave
Among the thickest and bore down a Prince,
And Cyril one. Yea, let me make my dream
All that I would. But that large-moulded man,
His visage all agrin as at a wake,
Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back
With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman, came
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying the roofs and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champaign till it strikes

On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks,
and splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar that Earth
Reels, and the herdsmen cry; for everything
Gave way before him: only Florian, he
That loved me closer than his own right eye,
Thrust in between; but Arac rode him down:
And Cyril, seeing it, push'd against the Prince,
With Psyche's colour round his helmet, tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;
But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote
And threw him: last I spurr'd; I felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat; a moment hand to
hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse we
hung,
Till I struck out and shouted; the blade
glanced,
I did but sheer a feather, and dream and truth
Flow'd from me; darkness closed me; and I
fell.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

VI.

My dream had never died or lived again.
As in some mystic middle state I lay;
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard:
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,
That all things grew more tragic and more strange;
That when our side was vanquish'd and my cause
For ever lost, there went up a great cry,
'The Prince is slain.' My father heard and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm: there on the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang:

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears; they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand;
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fallen themselves.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo, the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder-blade.

'Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

'And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken: fear we not
To break them more in their behoof, whose arms
Champion'd our cause and won it with a day
Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,
When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, borne aloft, the three; but come,
We will be liberal, since our rights are won.
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,
Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer these
The brethren of our blood and cause, that there
Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries
Of female hands and hospitality.'

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,
Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led
A hundred maids in train across the park.
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on they came,

Their feet in flowers, her loveliest: by them went
The enamour'd air sighing, and on their curls
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,
And over them the tremulous isles of light
Slided, they moving under shade; but Blanche
At distance follow'd: so they came: anon
Thro' open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the sun,
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay; there stay'd;
Knelt on one knee, — the child on one, — and prest
Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names,
And said, 'You shall not lie in the tents but here,
And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served
With female hands and hospitality.'

Then, whether moved by this, or was it chance,
She past my way. Up started from my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelpless eye,
Silent; but when she saw me lying stark,
Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly pale,
Cold even to her, she sigh'd; and when she saw
The haggard father's face and reverend beard
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood
Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch of pain
Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead past
A shadow, and her hue changed, and she said:
'He saved my life: my brother slew him for it.'
No more; at which the king in bitter scorn
Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,
And held them up: she saw them, and a day
Rose from the distance on her memory,
When the good Queen, her mother, shore the tress
With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche:
And then once more she look'd at my pale face:
Till understanding all the foolish work
Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,
Her iron will was broken in her mind;

Her noble heart was molten in her breast;
She bow'd, she set the child on the earth; she laid
A feeling finger on my brows, and presently
'O Sire,' she said, 'he lives; he is not dead:
O, let me have him with my brethren here
In our own palace: we will tend on him
Like one of these; if so, by any means,
To lighten this great clog of thanks, that make
Our progress falter to the woman's goal.'

She said: but at the happy word 'he lives'
My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my wounds.
So those two foes above my fallen life,
With brow to brow like night and evening mixt
Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever stole
A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede,
Lay like a new-fallen meteor on the grass,
Uncared for, spied its mother and began
A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance
Its body, and reach its fatling innocent arms
And lazy lingering fingers. She the appeal
Brook'd not, but clamouring out, 'Mine — mine — not yours;

It is not yours, but mine: give me the child,'
Ceased all on tremble; piteous was the cry:
So stood the unhappy mother open-mouth'd,
And turn'd each face her way; wan was her cheek
With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,
Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,
And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half
The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst
The laces toward her babe; but she nor cared
Nor knew it, clamouring on, till Ida heard,
Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood
Erect and silent, striking with her glance
The mother, me, the child; but he that lay
Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,
Trail'd himself up on one knee: then he drew
Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd
At the arm'd man sideways, pitying as it seem'd,
Or self-involved; but when she learnt his face,
Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose
Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew
Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand
When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said:

'O fair and strong and terrible! Lioness
That with your long locks play the Lion's mane!
But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible
And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks,
We vanquish'd, you the victor of your will.
What would you more? give her the child! remain
Orb'd in your isolation: he is dead,
Or all as dead: henceforth we let you be:
Win you the hearts of women; and beware
Lest, where you seek the common love of these,
The common hate with the revolving wheel
Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis
Break from a darken'd future, crown'd with fire,
And tread you out for ever; but howsoe'er
Fixt in yourself, never in your own arms
To hold your own, deny not hers to her,
Give her the child! O, if, I say, you keep
One pulse that beats true woman, if you loved
The breast that fed or arm that dandled you,
Or own one port of sense not flint to prayer,
Give her the child! or if you scorn to lay it,

Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with yours,
Or speak to her, your dearest, her one fault
The tenderness, not yours, that could not kill,
Give *me* it; *I* will give it her.'

He said:

At first her eye with slow dilation roll'd
Dry flame, she listening; after sank and sank
And, into mournful twilight mellowing, dwelt
Full on the child; she took it: 'Pretty bud!
Lily of the vale! half open'd bell of the woods!
Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a world
Of traitorous friend and broken system made
No purple in the distance, mystery,
Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell!
These men are hard upon us as of old,
We two must part; and yet how fain was I
To dream thy cause embraced in mine, to think
I might be something to thee, when I felt
Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast
In the dead prime: but may thy mother prove
As true to thee as false, false, false to me!
And, if thou needs must bear the yoke, I wish it
Gentle as freedom,' — here she kiss'd it: then —
'All good go with thee! take it, Sir,' and so

Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed hands,
Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as she sprang
To meet it, with an eye that swum in thanks;
Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough,
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it; after that
Put on more calm and added suppliantly:

'We two were friends: I go to mine own land
For ever: find some other: as for me
I scarce am fit for your great plans: yet speak to me,
Say one soft word, and let me part forgiven.'

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.
Then Arac: 'Ida—'sdeath! you blame the man;
You wrong yourselves — the woman is so hard
Upon the woman. Come, a grace to me!
I am your warrior; I and mine have fought
Your battle: kiss her; take her hand, she weeps:
'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice o'er than see it.'

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground,
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
And moved beyond his custom, Gama said:

'I've heard that there is iron in the blood,
And I believe it. Not one word? not one?
Whence drew you this steel temper? not from me,
Not from your mother, now a saint with saints.
She said you had a heart — I heard her say it —
"Our Ida has a heart," — just ere she died —
"But see that some one with authority
Be near her still;" and I — I sought for one —
All people said she had authority —
The Lady Blanche: much profit! Not one word;
No! tho' your father sues: see how you stand
Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good knights maim'd,
I trust that there is no one hurt to death,
For your wild whim: and was it then for this,
Was it for this we gave our palace up,
Where we withdrew from summer heats and state,

And had our wine and chess beneath the planes,
And many a pleasant hour with her that 's gone,
Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?
Speak to her, I say: is this not she of whom,
When first she came, all flush'd you said to me
Now had you got a friend of your own age,
Now could you share your thought; now should men see
Two women faster welded in one love
Than pairs of wedlock; she you walk'd with, she
You talk'd with, whole nights long, up in the tower,
Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth,
And right ascension, Heaven knows what; and now
A word, but one, one little kindly word,
Not one to spare her: out upon you, flint!
You love nor her, nor me, nor any; nay,
You shame your mother's judgment too. Not one?
You will not? well — no heart have you, or such
As fancies like the vermin in a nut
Have fretted all to dust and bitterness.'
So said the small king, moved beyond his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of her force
By many a varying influence and so long.
Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor wept:
Her head a little bent; and on her mouth
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water: then brake out my sire,
Lifting his grim head from my wounds: 'O you,
Woman, whom we thought woman even now,
And were half fool'd to let you tend our son,
Because he might have wish'd it — but we see
The accomplice of your madness unforgiven,
And think that you might mix his draught with death,
When your skies change again: the rougher hand
Is safer: on to the tents: take up the Prince.'

He rose, and while each ear was prick'd to attend
A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd her broke
A genial warmth and light once more, and shone
Thro' glittering drops on her sad friend.

'Come hither,
O Psyche,' she cried out, 'embrace me, come,
Quick while I melt; make reconcilement sure
With one that cannot keep her mind an hour;
Come to the hollow heart they slander so!
Kiss and be friends, like children being chid!
*I* seem no more; *I* want forgiveness too;
I should have had to do with none but maids,
That have no links with men. Ah, false but dear,
Dear traitor, too much loved, why? — why? — Yet see,
Before these kings we embrace you yet once more
With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
And trust, not love, you less.
And now, O sire,
Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him,
Like mine own brother. For my debt to him,
This nightmare weight of gratitude, I know it;
Taunt me no more: yourself and yours shall have
Free adit; we will scatter all our maids
Till happier times each to her proper hearth:

What use to keep them here — now? grant my
prayer.
Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king:
Thaw this male nature to some touch of that
Which kills me with myself, and drags me down
From my fixt height to mob me up with all
The soft and milky rabble of womankind,
Poor weakling even as they are.'
Passionate tears
Follow'd: the king replied not: Cyril said:
'Your brother, Lady, — Florian, — ask for him
Of your great head — for he is wounded too —
That you may tend upon him with the Prince.'
'Ay, so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,
'Our laws are broken; let him enter too.'
Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
Petition'd too for him. 'Ay, so,' she said,
'I stagger in the stream; I cannot keep
My heart an eddy from the brawling hour:
We break our laws with ease, but let it be.'
'Ay, so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am I to hear
Your Highness; but your Highness breaks with
ease

The law your Highness did not make: 't was I.
I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind,
And block'd them out; but these men came to woo
Your Highness — verily I think to win.'

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye;
But Ida with a voice that, like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn:

'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls flit,
Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,
But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
We brook no further insult, but are gone.'

She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation: but the Prince

Her brother came; the king her father charm'd
Her wounded soul with words; nor did mine own
Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare
Straight to the doors: to them the doors gave way
Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shriek'd
The virgin marble under iron heels:
And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there
Rested: but great the crush was, and each base,
To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd
In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers: at the further end
Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats
Close by her, like supporters on a shield,
Bow-backed with fear: but in the centre stood
The common men with rolling eyes; amazed
They glared upon the women, and aghast
The women stared at these, all silent, save
When armour clash'd or jingled, while the day,

Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot
A flying splendour out of brass and steel,
That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame,
And now and then an echo started up,
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died
Of fright in far apartments. Then the voice
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance:
And me they bore up the broad stairs, and thro'
The long-laid galleries past a hundred doors
To one deep chamber shut from sound, and due
To languid limbs and sickness; left me in it;
And others otherwhere they laid; and all
That afternoon a sound arose of hoof
And chariot, many a maiden passing home
Till happier times; but some were left of those
Held sagest, and the great lords out and in,
From those two hosts that lay beside the walls,
Walk'd at their will, and everything was changed.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

*"Seldom she spoke; but oft*
*Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours."*

THE PRINCESS.

Etched by W. H. W. Bicknell. Painted by E. H. Garrett.

VII.

So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hospital;
At first with all confusion: by and by
Sweet order lived again with other laws;
A kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick: the maidens came, they talk'd,
They sang, they read; till she not fair began
To gather light, and she that was became
Her former beauty treble; and to and fro
With books, with flowers, with angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame.
Old studies fail'd; seldom she spoke; but oft
Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours

On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men
Darkening her female field: void was her use,
And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud
Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And suck the blinding splendour from the sand,
And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn
Expunge the world: so fared she gazing there;
So blacken'd all her world in secret, blank
And waste it seem'd and vain; till down she came,
And found fair peace once more among the sick.

And twilight dawn'd; and morn by morn the lark
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres, but I
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life:
And twilight gloom'd; and broader-grown the bowers
Drew the great night into themselves, and Heaven,

Star after star, arose and fell; but I,
Deeper than those weird doubts could reach me, lay
Quite sunder'd from the moving Universe,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the hand
That nursed me, more than infants in their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian: with her oft
Melissa came; for Blanche had gone, but left
Her child among us, willing she should keep
Court-favour: here and there the small bright head,
A light of healing, glanced about the couch,
Or thro' the parted silks the tender face
Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded man
With blush and smile, a medicine in themselves
To wile the length from languorous hours, and draw
The sting from pain; nor seem'd it strange that soon
He rose up whole, and those fair charities
Join'd at her side; nor stranger seem'd that hearts

So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Less prosperously the second suit obtain'd
At first with Psyche. Not tho' Blanche had sworn
That after that dark night among the fields
She needs must wed him for her own good name;
Not tho' he built upon the babe restored;
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but fear'd
To incense the Head once more; till on a day
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind
Seen but of Psyche: on her foot she hung
A moment, and she heard, at which her face
A little flush'd, and she past on; but each
Assumed from thence a half-consent involved
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these: Love in the sacred halls
Held carnival at will, and flying struck

With showers of random sweet on maid and man.
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,
Nor did mine own now reconciled; nor yet
Did those twin brothers, risen again and whole;
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat:
Then came a change; for sometimes I would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek,
'You are not Ida;' clasp it once again,
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,
And call her hard and cold, which seem'd a truth:
And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind,
And often she believed that I should die:
Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks
Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd

On flying Time from all their silver tongues —
And out of memories of her kindlier days,
And sidelong glances at my father's grief,
And at the happy lovers heart in heart —
And out of hauntings of my spoken love,
And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream,
And often feeling of the helpless hands,
And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek —
From all a closer interest flourish'd up,
Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd colour day by day.

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death
For weakness: it was evening: silent light
Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought
Two grand designs; for on one side arose
The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they cramm'd

The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest
A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind,
A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat,
With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins,
The fierce triumvirs; and before them paused
Hortensia pleading: angry was her face.

I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:
They did but look like hollow shows; nor more
Sweet Ida; palm to palm she sat: the dew
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder seem'd; I moved; I sigh'd; a touch
Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand;
Then all for languor and self-pity ran
Mine down my face, and with what life I had,
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,
So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:

'If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself;
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.'

I could no more, but lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd; she paused;
She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt a cry;
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death;
And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; and all
Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,

And down the streaming crystal dropt; and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided forth,
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,
Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke; she, near me, held
A volume of the Poets of her land;
There to herself, all in low tones, she read: —

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font;
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

'Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

'Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

'Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

'Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.'

I heard her turn the page; she found a small Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she read:

'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain-height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild

Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

So she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay
Listening, then look'd. Pale was the perfect face;
The bosom with long sighs labour'd; and meek
Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,
And the voice trembled and the hand. She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd
In sweet humility; had fail'd in all;
That all her labour was but as a block
Left in the quarry; but she still were loth,
She still were loth to yield herself to one
That wholly scorn'd to help their equal rights

Against the sons of men and barbarous laws.
She pray'd me not to judge their cause from her
That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth than power
In knowledge: something wild within her breast,
A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.
And she had nursed me there from week to week:
Much had she learnt in little time. In part
It was ill counsel had misled the girl
To vex true hearts; yet was she but a girl —
'Ah fool, and made myself a queen of farce!
When comes another such? never, I think,
Till the Sun drop, dead, from the signs.'
Her voice
Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,
And her great heart thro' all the faultful past
Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;
Till notice of a change in the dark world
Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird,
That early woke to feed her little ones,
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light:
She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free;
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands —
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much; as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her —
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down —
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her — let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,

But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!'

Sighing she spoke: 'I fear
They will not.'

'Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.'

And again sighing she spoke: 'A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime:
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'

'But I,'
Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unlike —
It seems you love to cheat yourself with words:
This mother is your model. I have heard
Of your strange doubts: they well might be; I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince;
You cannot love me.'

'Nay, but thee,' I said,
'From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,

Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
Thee woman thro' the crust of iron moods
That mask'd thee from men's reverence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,
Given back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee,
Indeed I love; the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows: the change,
This truthful change in thee has kill'd it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;
Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;
In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,
I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,

My wife, my life. O, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.'

## CONCLUSION.

So closed our tale, of which I give you all
The random scheme as wildly as it rose:
The words are mostly mine; for when we ceased
There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,
'I wish she had not yielded!' then to me,
'What, if you drest it up poetically!'
So pray'd the men, the women; I gave assent:
Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of seven
Together in one sheaf? What style could suit?
The men required that I should give throughout
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque
With which we banter'd little Lilia first:
The women — and perhaps they felt their power,
For something in the ballads which they sang,
Or in their silent influence as they sat,
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close —

They hated banter, wish'd for something real,
A gallant fight, a noble princess — why
Not make her true-heroic — true-sublime?
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?
Which yet with such a framework scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists:
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part
In our dispute: the sequel of the tale
Had touch'd her; and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking; last, she fixt
A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,
'You — tell us what we are' — who might have told,
For she was cramm'd with theories out of books,

But that there rose a shout: the gates were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now,
To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these: we climb'd
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw
The happy valleys, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace;
Gray halls alone among their massive groves;
Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat;
The shimmering glimpses of a stream; the seas;
A red sail, or a white; and far beyond,
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.

'Look there, a garden!' said my college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, 'and there!
God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled —
Some sense of duty, something of a faith,

Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd —
But yonder, whiff ! there comes a sudden heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,
The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,
The little boys begin to shoot and stab,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls the world
In mock heroics stranger than our own;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, most
No graver than a schoolboys' barring out;
Too comic for the solemn things they are,
Too solemn for the comic touches in them,
Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream
As some of theirs — God bless the narrow seas!
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad.'

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth:

For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,
The sport half-science, fill me with a faith,
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides.'

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails,
And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,
Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks,
Among six boys, head under head, and look'd
No little lily-handed baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn;
Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those
That stood the nearest — now address'd to speech —
Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed

Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year
To follow : a shout rose again, and made
The long line of the approaching rookery swerve
From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer
From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang
Beyond the bourn of sunset ; O, a shout
More joyful than the city-roar that hails
Premier or king! Why should not these great Sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times a year
To let the people breathe? So thrice they cried,
I likewise, and in groups they stream'd away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,
So much the gathering darkness charm'd : we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
Perchance upon the future man ; the walls
Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd,
And gradually the powers of the night

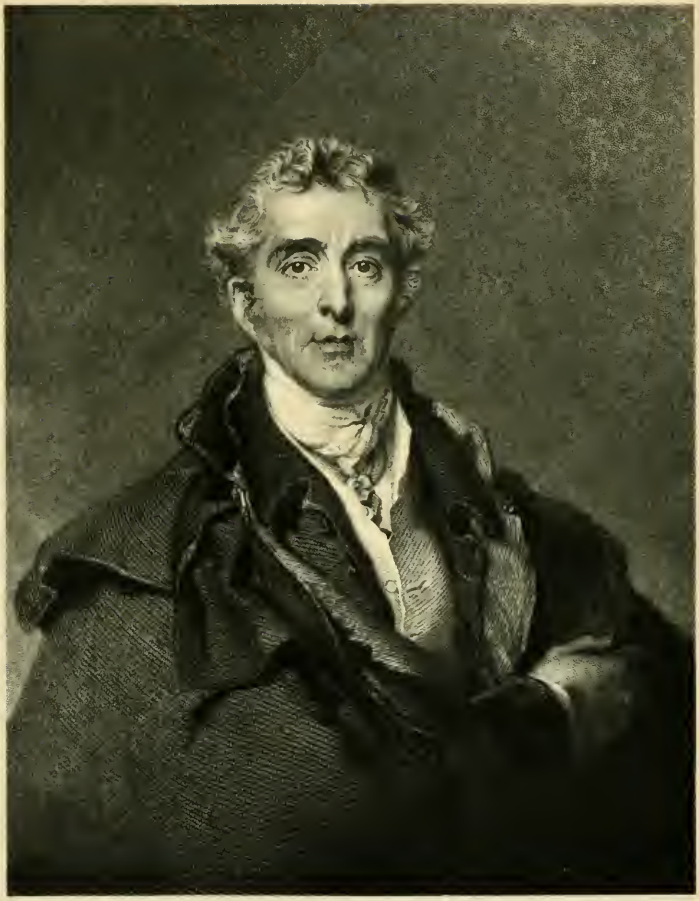
That range above the region of the wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight, broke them up
Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly,
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph
From those rich silks, and home well-pleased we went.

*Portrait of Wellington.*

ODE ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

Photogravure from painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

I.

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,

Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V.

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold

That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,

A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song!

VI.

'Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?'—
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea:
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O, give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.

Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers.
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control!
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,

That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings!
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story

The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from
shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,

Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great. —
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,

And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him!

1852.

## THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852.

My Lords, we heard you speak: you told us all
That England's honest censure went too far;
That our free press should cease to brawl,
Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.
It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise;
But though we love kind Peace so well,
We dare not even by silence sanction lies.
It might be safe our censures to withdraw;
And yet, my Lords, not well: there is a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break;
No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe: we *must* speak;

That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things
we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd
On her and us and ours for evermore.
What! have we fought for Freedom from our
prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public
crime?

Shall we fear *him?* our own we never fear'd.
From our first Charles by force we wrung our
claims.
Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second James.
I say, we *never* fear'd! and as for these,
We broke them on the land, we drove them on
the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse
In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed —

Were those your sires who fought at Lewes?
Is this the manly strain of Runnymede?
O fallen nobility that, overawed,
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this monstrous fraud!

*We* feel, at least, that silence here were sin,
Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts —
If easy patrons of their kin
Have left the last free race with naked coasts!
They knew the precious things they had to guard:
For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
What England was, shall her true sons forget?
We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her honour yet.
And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
And hold against the world this honour of the land.

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

*The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Photogravure from painting by Bonnville.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

## ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

I.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise the invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

II.

O silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

III.

The world-compelling plan was thine, —
And, lo! the long laborious miles

Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and enginery,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or fairy-fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of war.

IV.

Is the goal so far away?
Far, how far no tongue can say,
Let us dream our dream to-day.

V.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd
with all her flowers.

## A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

MARCH 7, 1863.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea —
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

## A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

MARCH 7, 1874.

I.

THE Son of him with whom we strove for power —
Whose will is lord thro' all his world-domain —
Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain —
Has given our Prince his own imperial Flower,
Alexandrovna.
And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,
To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow!
From love to love, from home to home you go,
From mother unto mother, stately bride,
Marie Alexandrovna!

II.

The golden news along the steppes is blown,
And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirr'd;
Elburz and all the Caucasus have heard;
And all the sultry palms of India known,
Alexandrovna.
The voices of our universal sea
On capes of Afric as on cliffs of Kent,
The Maoris and that Isle of Continent,
And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,
Marie Alexandrovna!

III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty life! —
Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords;
Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes
Since English Harold gave its throne a wife,
Alexandrovna!
For thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,
And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow;
But who love best have best the grace to know
That Love by right divine is deathless king,
Marie Alexandrovna!

IV.

And Love has led thee to the stranger land,
Where men are bold and strongly say their say; —
See, empire upon empire smiles to-day,
As thou with thy young lover hand in hand,
Alexandrovna!
So now thy fuller life is in the west,
Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor:
Thy name was blest within the narrow door;
Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,
Marie Alexandrovna!

V.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again?
Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere,
The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,
Alexandrovna?
But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!
And howsoever this wild world may roll,
Between your peoples truth and manful peace,
Alfred — Alexandrovna!

## THE GRANDMOTHER.

I.

AND Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was over-wise,
Never the wife for Willy: he would n't take my advice.

II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Had n't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh! — but he would n't hear me — and Willy, you say, is gone.

III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock;
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
'Here 's a leg for a babe of a week!' says Doctor; and he would be bound
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

IV.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

V.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:

*The Grandmother.*

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Photogravure from painting by E. H. Garrett

I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tript in her time; I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire, as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

X.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.

The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

XI.

All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy, — he did n't see me, — and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there 's no fool like the old one — it makes me angry now.

XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking curtsey and went.
And I said, 'Let us part: in a hundred years it 'll all be the same;
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name.'

XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine:
'Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still.'

XIV.

'Marry you, Willy!' said I, 'but I needs must speak my mind,
And I fear you 'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind.'
But he turn'd and clasp̣t me in his arms, and answer'd, 'No, love, no;'
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.

But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born;
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I look'd at the still little body — his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn;
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:
Never jealous — not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep — my own time seem'd so near.

XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget;
But as to the children, Annie, they 're all about me yet.

XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you;

Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes
at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie
ploughing the hill.

XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too — they
sing to their team:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind
of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover
about my bed —
I am not always certain if they be alive or
dead.

XXII.

And yet I know for a truth there 's none of them
left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-
five;
And Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh threescore
and ten:
I knew them all as babies, and now they 're
elderly men.

XXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.

I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for
rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with
the best.

XXVI.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born,
my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone
for an hour, —
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into
the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I
to be vext?

XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was
over-wise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I
keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have
past away.
But stay with the old woman now; you cannot
have long to stay.

## NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

I.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor 's abeän an' agoän:
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool:
Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to breäk my rule.

II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what 's nawways true:
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
I 've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere.
An' I 've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

III.

Parson 's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin' ere o' my bed.

'The amoighty 's a taäkin o' you[1] to 'issén, my friend,' a said,

An' a towd ma my sins, an' s toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;

I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.

But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy Marris's barne.

Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,

An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

V.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,

An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock[2] ower my 'eäd,

[1] *ou* as in 'hour.'

[2] Cockchafer.

An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a
'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I
coom'd awaäy.

VI.

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to
meä.
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un,
sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun
understond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the
lond.

VII.

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it
eäsy an' freeä:
'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my
friend,' says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said
it in 'aäste:
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a
stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.

VIII.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysén;
Moäst loike a butter-bump,[1] fur I 'eärd 'um about an' about,
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um out.

IX.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild 'enemies[2] afoor I coom'd to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby — toäner[3] 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize — but git ma my aäle.

X.

Dubbut looök at the waäste: theer warn't not feeäd for a cow;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now —

[1] Bittern. [2] Anemones. [3] One or other.

Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer 's lots
o' feeäd,
Fourscoor[1] yows upon it, an' some on it down i'
seeäd.[2]

XI.

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I meän'd to 'a
stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff
it an' all,
If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma
aloän, —
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an'
lond o' my oän.

XII.

Do godamoighty knaw what a 's doing a-taäkin'
o' meä?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a
peä;
An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all — a' dear a'
dear!
And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michael-
mas thutty year.

[1] *ou* as in 'hour.' [2] Clover.

XIII.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins — a niver mended a fence:
But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now,
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to plow!

XIV.

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin' boy,
Says to thessén, naw doubt, 'What a man a beä sewer-loy!'
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin' fust a coom'd to the 'All;
I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

XV.

Squoire 's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä 's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;

Sartin-sewer I beä thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins — a niver rembles the stoäns.

XVI.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I could'n abeär to see it.

XVII.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle?
Doctor 's a 'toättler, lass, an a 's hallus i' the owd taäle;
I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma my aäle, I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

## NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

I.

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?
Proputty, proputty, proputty — that's what I 'ears 'em saäy.
Proputty, proputty, proputty — Sam, thou's an ass for thy paaïns:
Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braaïns.

II.

Woä — theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon's parson's 'ouse —
Dosn't thou knaw that a man mun be eäther a man or a mouse?
Time to think on it then; for thou 'll be twenty to weeäk.[1]
Proputty, proputty — woä then, woä — let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

[1] This week.

III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee;
Thou 's beän talkin' to muther, an' she beän a tellin' it me.
Thou 'll not marry for munny — thou 's sweet upo' parson's lass —
Noä — thou 'll marry for luvv — an' we boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

IV.

Seeä'd her to-daäy goä by — Saäint's-daäy — they was ringing the bells.
She 's a beauty, thou thinks — an' soä is scoors o' gells,
Them as 'as munny an' all — wot 's a beauty? — the flower as blaws.
But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.

V.

Do'ant be stunt:[1] taäke time: I knaws what maäkes tha sa mad.
Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad?

[1] Obstinate.

But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd
ma this:
'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer
munny is!'

VI.

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy muther
coom to 'and,
Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit o'
land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty: — I niver giv it a
thowt —
But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a
lass as 'ant nowt?

VII.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt
when 'e's deäd,
Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle[1]
her breäd:
Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt niver
git hissén clear,
An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e
coom'd to the shere.

[1] Earn.

VIII.

An thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Varsity debt,
Stook to his taaïl they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet.
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend 'im a shove,
Woorse nor a far-welter'd[1] yowe: fur, Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

IX.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Maäkin' 'em goä togither, as they 've good right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaïd by?
Naäy — fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reäson why.

X.

Ay, an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

[1] Or fow-welter'd, — said of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow.

Woä then, proputty, wiltha? — an ass as near as mays nowt[1] —
Woä then, wiltha? dangtha! — the bees is as fell as owt.[2]

XI.

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd, lad, out o' the fence!
Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins an' pence?
Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest
If it is n't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.

XII.

Tis 'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular meäls.
Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

[1] Makes nothing.
[2] The flies are as fierce as anything.

XIII.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy lot,
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leästways 'is munny was 'id.
But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén deäd, an 'e died a good un, 'e did.

XIV.

Looök thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck cooms out by the 'ill!
Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill;
An' I 'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou 'll live to see;
And if thou marries a good un I 'll leäve the land to thee.

XV.

Thim 's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I meäns to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll leäve the land to Dick. —

Coom oop, proputty, proputty — that 's what I
'ears 'im saäy —
Proputty, proputty, proputty — canter an' canter
awaäy.

## THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
  In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbìa show'd
In ruin, by the mountain road;
  How like a gem, beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
  To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue;
  Where, here and there, on sandy beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,
Yet present in his natal grove,
  Now watching high on mountain cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim;
Till, in a narrow street and dim,
  I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,
Not the clipt palm of which they boast;
  But distant colour, happy hamlet,
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
A light amid its olives green;
  Or olive-hoary cape in ocean;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread;
And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,
Those niched shapes of noble mould,
A princely people's awful princes,
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours;
What drives about the fresh Cascinè,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
Or palace, how the city glitter'd,
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain
Remember what a plague of rain;
Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma;
At Lodi rain, Piacenza rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles;
  Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
  The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climb'd the roofs at break of day;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.
  I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
  A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last
To Como; shower and storm and blast
  Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,
  The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on the Lariano crept
  To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake
A cypress in the moonlight shake,
  The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
One tall Agavè above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splügen drew;
  But ere we reach'd the highest summit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.
  O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold:
  Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
This nursling of another sky
  Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by;

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
  The bitter east, the misty summer
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance to charm a vacant brain,
  Perchance to dream you still beside me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

## TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy:
  Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
  Should eighty-thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
  Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
  All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You 'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine;

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances, —
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win;

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God, —

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor;
  How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;
  But when the wreath of March has blossom'd, —
Crocus, anemone, violet, —

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
  Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

*January*, 1854.

## WILL.

I.

O WELL for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

II.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!

He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

## IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

## IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee;
Shadows of three dead men
Walk'd in the walks with me,
Shadows of three dead men, and thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods;
The Master was far away:
Nightingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasts but a day;
Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee;
Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be:
Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three.

*Monastery of Karakalla, Athos.*

To E. L., on his Travels in Greece.

Etched by J. Clement from painting by Edward Lear.

## TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.

ILLYRIAN woodlands, echoing falls
  Of water, sheets of summer glass,
  The long divine Peneïan pass,
The vast Akrokeraunian walls,

Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,
  With such a pencil, such a pen,
  You shadow forth to distant men,
I read and felt that I was there:

And trust me while I turn'd the page,
  And track'd you still on classic ground,
  I grew in gladness till I found
My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd
  And glisten'd — here and there alone
  The broad-limb'd Gods at random thrown
By fountain-urns; — and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom
  Of cavern pillars; on the swell
  The silver lily heaved and fell;
And many a slope was rich in bloom,

From him that on the mountain lea
  By dancing rivulets fed his flocks
  To him who sat upon the rocks
And fluted to the morning sea.

## REQUIESCAT.

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides.
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah, how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

## THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.'

'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, "Stay for shame;"
My father raves of death and wreck, —
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'

## THE ISLET.

'WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we go,
For a score of sweet little summers or so?'
The sweet little wife of the singer said,
On the day that follow'd the day she was wed,
'Whither, O whither, love, shall we go?'
And the singer shaking his curly head
Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys
There at his right with a sudden crash,
Singing, 'And shall it be over the seas
With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,
But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd,
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd?
With a satin sail of a ruby glow,
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know,
A mountain islet pointed and peak'd;
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,
Cataract brooks to the ocean run,
Fairily-delicate palaces shine
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,

And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd
With many a rivulet high against the sun
The facets of the glorious mountain flash
Above the valleys of palm and pine.'

'Thither, O thither, love, let us go.'

'No, no, no!
For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,
There is but one bird with a musical throat,
And his compass is but of a single note,
That it makes one weary to hear.'

'Mock me not! mock me not! love, let us go.'

'No, love, no.
For the bud ever breaks into bloom on the tree,
And a storm never wakes on the lonely sea,
And a worm is there in the lonely wood,
That pierces the liver and blackens the blood,
And makes it a sorrow to be.'

# CHILD SONGS.

## I.

## THE CITY CHILD.

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,
'All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells.'

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?
'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,
'All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers.'

"*Dainty Little Maiden.*"

THE CITY CHILD.

Photogravure from painting by Maud Humphrey.

II.

## MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Minnie and Winnie
  Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
  And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
  Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
  Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
  Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
  Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
  Peep'd into the shell.
'What are they dreaming of?
  Who can tell?'

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies!
The sun is aloft!

## THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

HERE, it is here, the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My name in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O little bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times!
Are mine for the moment stronger?
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief;
What room is left for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I — is that your cry?
And men will live to see it.
Well — if it be so — so it is, you know;
And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,
But this is the time of hollies.
O hollies and ivies and evergreens,
How I hate the spites and the follies!

## LITERARY SQUABBLES.

Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme
  That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
Before the stony face of Time,
  And look'd at by the silent stars;

Who hate each other for a song,
  And do their little best to bite
And pinch their brethren in the throng,
  And scratch the very dead for spite;

And strain to make an inch of room
  For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
The sullen Lethe rolling doom
  On them and theirs and all things here;

When one small touch of Charity
  Could lift them nearer Godlike state
Than if the crowded Orb should cry
  Like those who cried Diana great.

And I too talk, and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

## THE VICTIM.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low;
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
'The Gods are moved against the land.'
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
'Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life.'

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame;
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came:

'The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life.'

III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold;
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.

The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
'The Gods have answer'd:
We give them the boy.'

IV.

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, 'They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea;
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or I, the wife?'

V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
'O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me.'

The King was shaken with holy fear;
'The Gods,' he said, 'would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!'
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
'We have his dearest,
His only son!'

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone:
'Me, not my darling, no!'
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking, '*I* am his dearest, I —
*I* am his dearest!' rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy:
'O Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The Gods have answer'd;
We give them the wife!'

## WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea —
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong —
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

## THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains, —
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I'?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams and a stifled splendour and gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision — were it not He?

## THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

I.

The voice and the Peak
  Far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar
  Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

II.

All night have I heard the voice
  Rave over the rocky bar,
But thou wert silent in heaven,
  Above thee glided the star.

III.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,
  That standest high above all?
'I am the voice of the Peak,
  I roar and rave, for I fall.

IV.

'A thousand voices go
To North, South, East, and West;
They leave the heights and are troubled,
And moan and sink to their rest.

V.

'The fields are fair beside them,
The chestnut towers in his bloom;
But they — they feel the desire of the deep —
Fall, and follow their doom.

VI.

'The deep has power on the height,
And the height has power on the deep;
They are raised for ever and ever,
And sink again into sleep.'

VII.

Not raised for ever and ever,
But when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak, the star
Pass, and are found no more.

VIII.

The Peak is high and flush'd
  At his highest with sunrise fire;
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
  And the thought of a man is higher.

IX.

A deep below the deep,
  And a height beyond the height!
Our hearing is not hearing,
  And our seeing is not sight.

X.

The voice and the Peak
  Far into heaven withdrawn,
The lone glow and long roar
  Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

## A DEDICATION.

DEAR, near and true, — no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall, — take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in
him,
May trust himself; and after praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past — if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless days —
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.[1]

[1] The fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus Europæus*).

# EXPERIMENTS.

## BOÄDICÉA.

While about the shore of Mona those Neronian
legionaries
Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the
Druid and Druidess,
Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily
charioted,
Mad and maddening all that heard her in her
fierce volubility,
Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the
colony Cámulodúne,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er
a wild confederacy.

'They that scorn the tribes and call us
Britain's barbarous populaces,
Did they hear me, would they listen, did they
pity me supplicating?

Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated?

Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!

Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?

Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?

Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable,

Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton,

Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,

Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated.

Lo their colony half-defended! lo their colony, Cámulodúne!

There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.

There the hive of Roman liars worship an emperor-idiot.

Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it, Spirit of Cássivëlaún!

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian!
Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catieuchlanian, Trinobant.
These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances,
Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aërially,
Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred,
Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies.
Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of horses and men;
Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the refluent estuary;
Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering —
There was one who watch'd and told me — down their statue of Victory fell.
Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony Cámulodúne,
Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we care to be pitiful?

Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we
dandle it amorously?

'Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!
While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,
There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony;
Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophetesses:
"Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets!
Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee,
Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises,

Thine the North and thine the South and thine
the battle-thunder of God."
So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon
auguries happier?
So they chanted in the darkness, and there
cometh a victory now.

'Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear, Corita-
nian, Trinobant!
Me the wife of rich Prasútagus, me the lover
of liberty,
Me they seized and me they tortured, me they
lash'd and humiliated,
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian
violators!
See, they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in
ignominy!
Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood
to be satiated.
Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony
Cámulodúne!
There they ruled, and thence they wasted all
the flourishing territory,

Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted Britoness —
Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, inexorable.
Shout, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout, Coritanian, Trinobant,
Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously,
Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirl'd.
Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of Cúnobelíne!
There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony lay,
Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy.
There they dwelt and there they rioted; there — there — they dwell no more.
Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of the statuary,
Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abominable,
Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,

Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd
and humiliated,
Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the
brains of the little one out,
Up, my Britons ! on, my chariot ! on, my
chargers, trample them under us ! '

So the Queen Boädicéa, standing loftily
charioted,
Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling
glances lioness-like,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in
her fierce volubility.
Till her people all around the royal chariot
agitated,
Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing bar-
barous lineäments,
Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they
shiver in January,
Roar'd as when the roaring breakers boom
and blanch on the precipices,
Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak
on a promontory.

So the silent colony, hearing her tumultuous adversaries
Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous hand,
Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,
Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,
Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy fainted away.
Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.
Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary,
Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Cámulodúne.

# IN QUANTITY.

## ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

*Hexameters and Pentameters.*

THESE lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer!
No — but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England?
When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters.

## MILTON.

*Alcaics.*

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrëan
Rings to the roar of an angel onset!
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

*Hendecasyllabics.*

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,
Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem
All composed in a metre of Catullus,
All in quantity, careful of my motion,
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,
Lest I fall unawares before the people,
Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.
Should I flounder awhile without a tumble
Thro' this metrification of Catullus,
They should speak to me not without a welcome,
All that chorus of indolent reviewers.
Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,
So fantastical is the dainty metre.
Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me
Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.
O blatant Magazines, regard me rather —
Since I blush to belaud myself a moment —
As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost
Horticultural art, or half coquette-like
Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

## SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE.

So Hector spake; the Trojans roar'd applause;
Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own;
And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven.
And these all night upon the bridge[1] of war
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed:
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars

[1] Or ridge.

Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart;
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,
Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.

*Iliad*, viii. 542–561.

# THE WINDOW;

## OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS.

FOUR years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs, as 'Orpheus with his lute,' and I drest up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet, whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

A. TENNYSON.

*December*, 1870.

# THE WINDOW;

## OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS.

### ON THE HILL.

THE lights and shadows fly!
Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the plain.
A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!
O, is it the brook, or a pool, or her window-pane,
When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above,
And winds and lights and shadows that cannot be still,
All running on one way to the home of my love,
You are all running on, and I stand on the slope of the hill,
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase!
And my thoughts are as quick and as quick,
ever on, on, on.
O lights, are you flying over her sweet little
face?
And my heart is there before you are come,
and gone,
When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the window-pane
of my dear,
And it brightens and darkens and brightens
like my hope,
And it darkens and brightens and darkens like
my fear,
And the winds are up in the morning!

### AT THE WINDOW.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,

Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine?
Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,
Kiss, kiss — and out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Dropt, a flower.

## GONE.

Gone!
Gone, till the end of the year,
Gone, and the light gone with her, and left me
in shadow here!
Gone — flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night and the sun
from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm
in the air!
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know
not where!
Down in the south is a flash and a groan: she
is there! she is there!

WINTER.

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

SPRING.

Birds' love and birds' song
  Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
  And you with gold for hair!
Birds' song and birds' love,
  Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
  To love once and for ever.

Men's love and birds' love,
  And women's love and men's!
And you my wren with a crown of gold,
  You my queen of the wrens!
You the queen of the wrens —
  We 'll be birds of a feather,
I 'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,
  And all in a nest together.

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
  Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet —
  Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by and by?
Somebody said that she 'd say no;
Somebody knows that she 'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly;
Fly to the light in the valley below —
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
Somebody said that she 'd say no;
Somebody knows that she 'll say ay!

### NO ANSWER.

The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain!
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
And never a glimpse of her window-pane!
And I may die but the grass will grow,
And the grass will grow when I am gone,
And the wet west wind and the world will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres,
No is trouble and cloud and storm,

*The Letter.*

THE WINDOW.

Photogravure from painting by Sir John Millais.

Ay is life for a hundred years,
  No will push me down to the worm,
And when I am there and dead and gone,
The wet west wind and the world will go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet!
  Wet west wind, how you blow, you blow!
And never a line from my lady yet!
  Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,
The wet west wind and the world may go on.

### NO ANSWER.

Winds are loud and you are dumb,
Take my love, for love will come,
  Love will come but once a life.
Winds are loud and winds will pass!
Spring is here with leaf and grass:
  Take my love and be my wife.
After-loves of maids and men
Are but dainties drest again:
Love me now, you 'll love me then:
  Love can love but once a life.

### THE ANSWER.

Two little hands that meet,
Claspt on her seal, my sweet!
Must I take you and break you,
Two little hands that meet?
I must take you, and break you,
And loving hands must part —
Take, take — break, break —
Break — you may break my heart.
Faint heart never won —
Break, break, and all 's done.

### AY.

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
Be merry on earth as you never were merry before,
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,
And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.
Why?
For it 's easy to find a rhyme.
Look, look, how he flits,

The fire-crown'd king of the wrens, from out
of the pine!
Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad
little tits!
'Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!' was ever a May so
fine?
Why?
For it 's easy to find a rhyme.
O merry the linnet and dove,
And swallow and sparrow and throstle, and
have your desire!
O merry my heart, you have gotten the wings
of love,
And flit like the king of the wrens with a
crown of fire.
Why?
For it 's ay ay, ay ay.

## WHEN.

Sun comes, moon comes,
Time slips away.
Sun sets, moon sets,
Love, fix a day.

'A year hence, a year hence.'
'We shall both be gray.'
'A month hence, a month hence.'
'Far, far away.'

'A week hence, a week hence.'
'Ah, the long delay!'
'Wait a little, wait a little,
You shall fix a day.'

'To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
And that 's an age away.'
Blaze upon her window, sun,
And honour all the day.

## MARRIAGE MORNING.

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
O, the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!

Light, so low in the vale,
You flash and lighten afar,
For this is the golden morning of love,
And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and wood,
O, lighten into my eyes and my heart,
Into my heart and my blood!

Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers.
Over the thorns and briers,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.

# NOTES.

# NOTES.

## THE PRINCESS.

'THE PRINCESS' was first published in 1847, but has since undergone many changes. In the second edition, issued in 1848, the dedication to Henry Lushington [1] was added, and the text was slightly revised. In the third (1850) the six intercalary songs were inserted, many additions and alterations were made in the body of the poem, and the Prologue and Conclusion were partially re-written. The most important change in the fourth edition (1851) was the introduction of the passages relating to the 'weird seizures' of the Prince. In the fifth edition (1853) the fourteen lines in the Prologue, beginning, 'O miracle of women,' first appeared, and the text was settled in the form which it has since preserved.

'The Princess' was at first received with little favour by the critics. 'It was thought scarce worthy of the author. The abundant grace, descriptive beauty, and human sentiment were evident; but the medley was thought somewhat incongruous, and the main web of the tale too weak to sus-

[1] 'In 1841 Mr. Lushington was enabled to gratify a long-cherished wish, by forming the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, whose family became afterwards connected by marriage with his own. The dedication of "The Princess" to Henry Lushington commemorates the cordial intimacy which followed. To the end of his life there was scarcely any companion whose society was so attractive to Mr. Lushington. . . . It will, I hope, not be a violation of confidence to quote Mr. Tennyson's frequent remark, that of all the critics with whom he had discussed his own poems, Mr. Lushington was the most suggestive' ('Memoir of Henry Lushington,' by G. S. Venables, 1859, p. 26).

tain the embroidery raised upon it' (Wace). Even so late as 1855, when the poem had received its last touches, the 'Edinburgh Review' said of it: 'The subject of "The Princess," so far from being great, in a poetical point of view, is partly even of transitory interest. . . . This piece, though full of meanings of abiding value, is ostensibly a brilliant serio-comic *jeu d'esprit* upon the noise about "women's rights," which even now ceases to make itself heard anywhere but in the refuge of exploded European absurdities beyond the Atlantic. A carefully elaborated construction, a "wholeness," arising out of distinct and well-contrasted parts, which is another condition of a great poem, would have been worse than thrown away on such a subject. . . . In reading the poem, the mind is palled and wearied with wasted splendour and beauty.'

On the other hand, there were a few eminent critics who were prompt to recognise the true merit of the poem. Professor James Hadley, of Yale College, wrote a long and appreciative review of it for the 'New Englander' (May, 1849), which has been reprinted in a revised form in his 'Essays, Philological and Critical.' The following remarks upon the versification will interest the reader: —

'Mr. Tennyson has evidently taken extraordinary pains with the construction of his verse. He seems to have felt that a single measure running through a long poem must of necessity become monotonous and wearisome, unless great care can be taken to diversify its rhythm. . . . Certain it is that in affluence of means and in variety of effects, the blank verse of "The Princess" surpasses all its author's previous attempts in the same kind of measure; nor would it be easy to find its equal in these respects since the time of Milton. To the versification of the "Paradise Lost," the greatest exemplar of versification in the English language, Mr. Tennyson, it is clear, has given no little attention; and from this poem, and from the older English poetry in general, he has adopted many rhythmical and metrical expedients — liberties or licenses, as they are sometimes called — which the too finical taste of later times, and the undue passion for uniformity, have generally discarded. Among these we mention the so-called

elision, — more truly, the blending of a final vowel with the vowel initial of a following word into a single syllable, or at least what passes for such in the rhythm. Thus we have, —

That made *the old* warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam.

The violet varies from *the lily* as far
As oak from elm.

O Swallow, *Swallow, if* I could *follow and* light
Upon her lattice.

'So, too, where the second word begins with a weak consonant easily elided in pronunciation :

Fly *to her*, and pipe and *woo her*, and make her mine.

You must not *slay him;* he risked his life for ours.

'The same fusion occurs often in a single word, and not only in such forms as *lovelier, sapience*, etc., where all our poets have employed it, but in many instances where the last two centuries have renounced its use. Thus in the following lines the words, *seeing, crying, highest,* go for monosyllables in the rhythm : —

And Cyril, *seeing* it, pushed against the Prince.

Some *crying* there was an army in the land.

And *highest* among the statues, statue-like.

'The combinations *in the, of the*, etc., are often treated as filling but one rhythmical place : —

Better have died, and spilt our bones *in the* flood.

Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood *of the* world.

*When the* man wants weight, the woman takes it up.

'In many instances a short syllable is neglected, — that is, does not count as forming by itself a place in the metre. In the following quotation, the words, *enemy, general, soluble*, are treated as dissyllables : —

Now she lightens scorn
At *the enemy* of her plan, but then would hate
The *general* foe. More *soluble* is the knot.

'Especially does this occur when a short final syllable is followed by a word beginning with a vowel: —

A *palace* in our own land, where you shall reign.

A tent of *satin* elaborately wrought.

'We could distinguish other cases, in which a reader unfamiliar with the earlier English rhythms might be offended by supernumerary syllables; but to enter upon long details would perhaps be more tedious than profitable. In none of these instances, if we may judge of Mr. Tennyson's pronunciation from his way of writing, would he omit a syllable in reading; nor does the rhythm of the verse (let metrical doctors like Mr. Guest say what they please about it) require of us the use of any such expedient.[1]

'Many passages also occur of irregular rhythm in which, as in the "Paradise Lost," the sound is suited to the sense to a degree not excelled by Milton or Virgil. Such are —

Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard
In the dead hush the papers that she held
Rustle.

And in the blast and bray of the long horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner.

[1] On this point I believe Professor Hadley is right. To my ear the verse is marred rather than improved by pronouncing the two syllables as one. It is curious, by the bye, that, while making this free use of light 'extra' syllables in his measure, Tennyson should uniformly write *ev'n*, *fall'n*, *stol'n*, and the like, when the words are metrically equivalent to monosyllables. I have not followed him in this; there being really no more reason for it than for printing *sat'n*, *pal'ce*, *gen'ral*, *en'my*, etc., above.

I may add that many of the changes in the later editions appear to be made solely for the sake of getting rid of the 'extra' syllable. The poet seems to have decided that he had used it too often.

The dark, when clocks
Throbbed thunder thro' the palace floors.

Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate.

While the great organ almost burst his pipes
Groaning for power, and rolling through the courts
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms and silver litanies.

And up we came to where the river sloped
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks
A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,
And danced the colour.

And the flood drew, yet I caught her, then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left
The weight of all the hopes of half the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain.

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

'Who, after three such lines, will talk of English as a harsh and clumsy language, and seek in the effeminate and monotonous Italian for expressive melody of sound? Who cannot hear in them the rapid rippling of the water, the stately calmness of the wood-dove's note, and in the repetition of short syllables and soft liquids in the last line, the

murmuring of innumerable bees?

'It will be observed at once, on reading these and similar passages aloud, that much of their power depends upon alliteration. This, which in the old Saxon poetry stood for modern rhyme, adds a charming variety to the versification of "The Princess." It abounds throughout all Tennyson's writings, — for his mind is steeped in the older literature of England, — but especially in this poem, *e. g.* —

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

And died
Of fright in far apartments.
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.
The lark
Shot up and shrilled in flickering gyres.

'It is useless to multiply instances. They pervade the whole poem.'

Charles Kingsley, in 'Fraser's Magazine' (September, 1850), said of the poem: 'In this work Mr. Tennyson shows himself more than ever the poet of the day. In it, more than ever, the old is interpenetrated with the new; the domestic and scientific with the ideal and sentimental. He dares, in every page, to make use of modern words and notions from which the mingled clumsiness and archaism of his compeers shrinks, as unpoetical. Though his stage is an ideal fairy-land, yet he has reached the ideal by the only true method — by bringing the Middle Age forward to the present one, and not by ignoring the present to fall back on a cold and galvanised Mediævalism; and thus he makes the "Medley" a mirror of the nineteenth century, possessed of its own new art and science, its own new temptations and aspirations, and yet grounded on, and continually striving to reproduce, the forms and experiences of all past time. The idea, too, of "The Princess" is an essentially modern one. In every age women have been tempted, by the possession of superior beauty, intellect, or strength of will, to deny their own womanhood, and attempt to stand alone as men, whether on the ground of political intrigue, ascetic saintship, or philosophic pride. Cleopatra and St. Hedwiga, Madame de Staël and the Princess, are merely different manifestations of the same self-willed and proud longing of woman to unsex herself, and realise, single and self-sustained, some distorted and partial notion of her own as to what the "angelic life" should be. Cleopatra acted out the pagan ideal of an angel; St. Hedwiga, the mediæval one; Madame de Staël hers, with the peculiar notions of her time as to what "spiritual" might mean; and in "The Princess" Mr. Tennyson has embodied the ideal of

that nobler, wider, purer, yet equally fallacious, because equally unnatural analogue, which we may now meet too often up and down England. He shows us the woman, when she takes her stand on the false masculine ground of intellect, working out her own moral punishment, by destroying in herself the tender heart of flesh: not even her vast purposes of philanthropy can preserve her, for they are built up, not on the womanhood which God has given her, but on her own self-will; they change, they fall, they become inconsistent, even as she does herself, till at last she loses all feminine sensibility; scornfully and stupidly she rejects and misunderstands the heart of man; and then, falling from pride to sternness, from sternness to sheer inhumanity, she punishes sisterly love as a crime, robs the mother of her child, and becomes all but a vengeful fury, with all the peculiar faults of woman, and none of the peculiar excellences of man. . . . How Mr. Tennyson can have attained the prodigal fulness of thought and imagery which distinguishes this poem, and especially the last canto, without his style ever becoming overloaded, seldom even confused, is perhaps one of the greatest marvels of the whole production. The songs themselves, which have been inserted between the cantos in the last edition, seem, perfect as they are, wasted and smothered among the surrounding fertility, — till we discover that they stand there, not merely for the sake of their intrinsic beauty, but serve to call the reader's mind, at every pause in the tale of the Princess's folly, to that very healthy ideal of womanhood which she has spurned.'

Mr. Dawson, in his 'Study of The Princess' (Montreal, 1884), remarks that the following extract from Rev. F. W. Robertson 'is perhaps the most justly appreciative criticism of Tennyson which has ever appeared.' It is from a lecture upon English Poetry, delivered to the workingmen of Brighton in 1852: —

'I ranked Tennyson in the first order,[1] because with great

[1] The lecturer had divided poets into 'two orders; those in whom the vision and the faculty divine of imagination exists, and those in

mastery over his material, — words, great plastic power of versification, and a rare gift of harmony, — he has also vision or insight; and because, feeling intensely the great questions of the day, — not as a mere man of letters, but as a man, — he is to some extent the interpreter of his age, not only in its mysticism, which I tried to show you is the necessary reaction from the rigid formulas of science and the earthliness of an age of work into the vagueness which belongs to infinitude, but also in his poetic and almost prophetic solution of some of its great questions.

'Thus in "The Princess," . . . he has with exquisite taste disposed of the question — which has its burlesque and comic as well as its tragic side — of woman's present place and future destinies. And if any one wishes to see this subject treated with a masterly and delicate hand, in protest alike against the theories which would make her as the man, which she could only be by becoming masculine, not manly, and those which would have her to remain the toy, or the slave, or the slight thing of sentimental and frivolous accomplishment which education has hitherto aimed at making her, I would recommend him to study the few last pages of "The Princess," where the poet brings the question back, as a poet should, to nature; develops the ideal out of the actual woman, and reads out of what she is, on the one hand, what her Creator intended her to be, and on the other, what she never can or ought to be.'

Mr. Dawson says well that 'Psyche's baby is the conquering heroine of the epic.' He adds: 'Ridiculous in the lecture-room, the babe, in the poem, as in the songs, is made the central point upon which the plot turns; for the unconscious child is the concrete embodiment of Nature herself, clearing away all merely intellectual theories by her silent influence. Ida feels the power of the child. The postscript of the despatch sent to her brother in the height of her indignation, contains, as is fitting, the kernel of the matter. She says: —

whom the plastic power of shaping predominates, — the men of poetic inspiration, and the men of poetic taste.'

I took it for an hour in mine own bed
This morning; there the tender orphan hands
Felt at my heart, and seemed to charm from thence
The wrath I nursed against the world.

'Rash princess! that fatal hour dashed "the hopes of half the world." Alas for these hopes! The cause, the great cause, totters to the fall when the Head confesses —

I felt
Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast
In the dead prime.

Whenever the plot thickens the babe appears. It is with Ida on her judgment-seat. In the topmost height of the storm the wail of the "lost lamb at her feet" reduces her eloquent anger into incoherence. She carries it when she sings her song of triumph. When she goes to tend her wounded brothers on the battle-field she carries it. Through it, and for it, Cyril pleads his successful suit, and wins it for the mother. For its sake the mother is pardoned. O fatal babe! more fatal to the hopes of woman than the doomful horse to the proud towers of Ilion; for through thee the walls of pride are breached, and all the conquering affections flock in.'

While reading the poem with a class of girls many years ago, I remarked that the babe might almost be called its heroine. I was gratified to find my opinion confirmed by Mr. Dawson's; and more so to find it indorsed by the author, in the interesting letter to Mr. Dawson printed in the preface to the 2d edition of the 'Study.' Tennyson there says: —

'I may tell you that the songs were not an after-thought. Before the first edition came out I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate divisions of the poem: again, I thought, the poem will explain itself; but the public did not see that the child, as you say, was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness, and inserted them. You would be still more certain that the child was the heroine, if, instead of the first song as it now stands,

As thro' the land at eve we went,

I had printed the first song which I wrote, — "The Losing of the Child." The child is sitting on the bank of a river, and playing with flowers: a flood comes down — a dam has been broken thro' — the child is borne down by the flood — the whole village distracted; after a time the flood has subsided — the child is thrown safe and sound again upon the bank, and all the women are in raptures. I quite forget the words of the ballad, but I think I may have it somewhere.'

There are also some admirable comments on 'The Princess' in Mr. E. C. Stedman's 'Victorian Poets.' 'Other works of our poet,' he says, 'are greater, but none is so fascinating as this romantic tale, — English throughout, yet combining the England of Cœur-de-Lion with that of Victoria in one bewitching picture.'

## Prologue.

The scene of the prologue is said to have been Swainston, the seat of Sir John Simeon, and Sir Walter Vivian is Sir John himself.

Page 1. — *Five others: we were seven at Vivian place.* — Added in the third edition.

Page 2. — *Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere.* — Referring to Chinese ivory balls within balls. The line is a striking example of the correspondence of sound and sense, the words seeming to roll round like the 'sphere in sphere.'

Page 3. — *O miracle of women . . . the gallant glorious chronicle.* — Added in the fifth edition of the poem.

Page 4. — *Whom the electric shock.* — The first American edition misprints 'from the electric shock.'

Page 5. — *Went hand in hand with science.* — The early editions[1] have 'With science hand in hand went.'

*Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire.* — An expressive figure. Some one has said that the 'idea' of Gothic architecture is 'weight annihilated,' while that of the Greek is 'weight properly supported.'

[1] By the 'early editions' I mean the first and second, unless otherwise stated.

PAGE 6. — *And he had breathed the Proctor's dogs.* — It is 'breathed' (and correctly, according to Tennyson's rule), in the early editions, but 'breath'd' in all the later ones. Of course it is from *breathe* (exercise), not from *breath*.

*Ah, were I something great! . . . with her curls.* — For these eight lines the early editions have only the following: —

> O, were I some great Princess, I would build
> Far off from men a college of my own,
> And I would teach them all things: you should see.

PAGE 10. — *We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read.* — The early editions read: 'We seven took one tutor. Never man,' etc.

*She remember'd that . . . by themselves.* — The early editions have: —

> 'I remember that:
> A pleasant game,' she said; 'I liked it more
> Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.
> But these — what kind of tales do men tell men,
> I wonder, by themselves.'

PAGE 11. — *The rest would follow . . . Grave, solemn!* — The early editions read thus: —

> 'The rest would follow; so we tost the ball:
> What kind of tales? Why, such as served to kill
> Time by the fire in winter.' 'Kill him now!
> Tell one,' she said: 'kill him in summer, too.'
> And 'tell one,' cried the solemn maiden aunt.
> 'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?
> A tale for summer as befits the time;
> And something it should be to suit the place,
> Grave, moral, solemn, like the mouldering walls
> About us.'

*Like a ghostly woodpecker.* — The first four editions have: 'an April woodpecker.'

PAGE 12. — *Turn'd to me, . . . the story and the songs.* — In the early editions the remainder of the Prologue reads thus:

> turn'd to me: 'Well — as you will —
> Just as you will,' she said; 'be, if you will,

Yourself your hero.' 'Look, then,' added he,
'Since Lilia would be princess, that you stoop
No lower than a prince.' To which I said,
'Take care then that my tale be follow'd out
By all the lieges in my royal vein:
But one that really suited time and place
Were such a medley, we should have him back
Who told the Winter's Tale to do it for us:
A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And there with shrieks and strange experiments,
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.
No matter; we will say whatever comes:
Here are we seven: if each man takes his turn
We make a sevenfold story:' then began.

## I.

PAGE 15. — *Of temper amorous, as the first of May.* — This line is not in the early editions.

*There lived an ancient legend . . . a thousand prayers.* — This passage, like all the others referring to the 'weird seizures,' was added in the fifth edition. For 'mutter'd epilepsy' the original reading was 'call'd it catalepsy.'

I am inclined to agree with Dawson that 'these additions seem not only unnecessary and uncalled for, but are actually injurious to the unity of the work.' He adds: 'They confuse the simple conception of his character, and graft on to his personality the foreign and somewhat derogatory idea of catalepsy; for in that light does the court doctor regard them. The poet must have had some definite object in inserting them. Can it be that they are to indicate the weakness and incompleteness of the poet side of the Prince's character until he has found rest in his ideal? Then only can he say: —

My doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows; the change,
This truthful change, in thee has killed it.

'The dreamy Prince, haunted by doubts, and living in shadow-land, by the healing influence of a happy love, wakes up to the purpose and dignity of life.'

PAGE 16. — *Half-canoniz'd by all that look'd on her.* — The early editions read: 'And nearly canoniz'd by all she knew.'

*He cared not for the affection of the house.* — This line is not in the early editions.

*Proxy-wedded with a bootless calf.* — Marriage by proxy was common in the Middle Ages. For another instance in poetry — an historical one — compare Longfellow's 'Belfry of Bruges': —

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary hunting with her hawk and hound;
And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

The author's note on the passage says: 'Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards.'

Bacon, in his 'Henry VII.,' tells of the proxy marriage of another Maximilian, King of the Romans, with Anne, the heiress of Brittany, in 1489: —

'The king having thus upheld the reputation of Maximilian, advised him now to press on his marriage with Britain to a conclusion, which Maximilian accordingly did; and so far forth prevailed, both with the young lady and with the principal persons about her, as the marriage was consummated by proxy, with a ceremony at that time in those parts new. For she was not only publicly contracted, but stated, as a bride, and solemnly bedded; and after she was laid, there came in Maximilian's ambassador, with letters of procuration, and in the presence of sundry noble personages, men and women, put

*his leg, stript naked to the knee*, between the espousal sheets; to the end, that the ceremony might be thought to amount to a consummation and actual knowledge.'

In the present instance, as Ida afterwards urged (p. 124), the marriage was 'invalid,' since her 'will sealed not the bond.' According to both canon and civil law, consent was the only basis of marriage; and it was necessary, moreover, that the parties should have arrived at years of discretion. There were different opinions as to this age, but it was never assumed to be as early as 'eight years.'

*Youths of puissance.* — The reading of the first five editions is 'knights of puissance.'

PAGE 17. — *And almost my half-self . . . ear and eye.* — The early editions read: —

> My shadow, my half-self, for still we moved
> Together, kin as horse's eye and ear.

PAGE 18. — *Cook'd his spleen.* — Compare the figurative use of the Latin *coquere* in Plautus, Livy, Cicero, etc.

*And Cyril whisper'd.* — The early editions have 'Then whisper'd Cyril.' Of course they do not contain the next three lines. In the next line they have 'Trust me' for 'Take me;' two lines below, 'Replied the king, "You shall not; I myself;"' and in the next line, 'these pretty maiden fancies.'

*A wind arose and rush'd upon the South.* — Wace ('Alfred Tennyson,' Edinburgh, 1881) compares Shelley, 'Prometheus Unbound,' ii. 1: —

> A wind arose among the pines; it shook
> The clinging music from their boughs, and then
> Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
> Were heard; 'Oh, follow, follow, follow me!'

Dawson remarks that the passage 'must have, consciously or unconsciously, dwelt in Tennyson's memory when writing these lines;' but the poet, in the letter to Dawson elsewhere quoted, says: 'I was walking in the New Forest. A wind did arise and —

Shake the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild wood together.

The wind, I believe, was a west wind; but, because I wished the Prince to go south, I turned the wind to the south, and the wind said, "Follow." I believe the resemblance which you note is just a chance one. Shelley's lines are not familiar to me, tho', of course, if they occur in the Prometheus, I must have read them.

'I could multiply instances, but I will not bore you, and far indeed am I from asserting that books, as well as nature, are not, and ought not to be, suggestive to the poet. I am sure that I myself, and many others, find a peculiar charm in those passages of such great masters as Virgil or Milton where they adopt the creation of a by-gone poet, and re-clothe it, more or less, according to their fancy. But there is, I fear, a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, book-worms, index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who *impute themselves* to the poet, and so believe that *he*, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say "Ring the bells," without finding that we have taken it from Sir P. Sydney, — or even to use such a simple expression as the ocean "roars," without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarised it (fact!).

'I have known an old fish-wife, who had lost two sons at sea, clench her fist at the advancing tide on a stormy day, and cry out, "Ay! roar, do! how I hates to see thee show thy white teeth!" Now, if I had adopted her exclamation and put it into the mouth of some old woman in one of my poems, I daresay the critics would have thought it original enough, but would most likely have advised me to go to nature for my old woman, and not to my own imagination; and indeed it is a strong figure.'

Then follows the passage quoted in Volume II. page 322.

PAGE 20. — *Cat-footed through the town . . . shake the night.* These three lines are not in the early editions. The next two read thus in the first two editions: —

> Down from the bastion'd walls we dropt by night,
> And flying reach'd the frontier: then we crost, etc.

The third edition (1850) has: —

> Down from the bastion'd wall, suspense by night,
> Like threaded spiders from a balk, we dropt,
> And flying reach'd, etc.

*Tilth and grange.* — The early editions have: 'town and thorpe;' with 'tilth' for 'vines' in the next line.

*Blowing bosks of wilderness.* — 'Uncultivated thickets blooming with wild flowers' (Dawson). Cf. Hakluyt, 'Voyages': 'a groue or boske of wood on the other side.'

*Crack'd and small his voice.* — The reading of first, third, and later editions. The second has: 'in voice,' — probably a misprint.

*But bland the smile . . . his cheek in lines.* — These lines are not in the first two editions. The third has: 'But bland the smile that pucker'd up his cheeks.'

PAGE 21. — *We remember love ourself.* — All the editions, including that of 1884, have 'ourselves;' but as the poet has elsewhere changed the form to 'ourself' and in this very expression on page 115, I have no doubt that he intended to do it here.

*My very ears were hot To hear them.* — The early editions omit from this point down to twelve lines below, reading thus: 'To hear them. Last, my daughter begg'd a boon,' etc.

*Knowledge, so my daughter said, was all in all.* — Some have thought this — and the idea of the poem — borrowed from Johnson's 'Rasselas': 'The Princess thought that of all sublunary things knowledge was the best: she desired, first, to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old, and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety.'

PAGE 22. — *We know not, — only this: they see no man.* — The

early editions read: 'We know not, — have not been; they see no men.'

PAGE 23. — *Our formal compact . . . call'd mine host.* The pointing and reading of the early editions are as follows:

> Our formal compact, yet not less all frets
> But chafing me on fire to find my bride,
> Set out once more with those two gallant boys;
> Then pushing onward under sun and stars
> Many a long league back to the North, we came,
> When the first fern-owl whirr'd about the copse,
> Upon a little town within a wood
> Close at the boundary of the liberties:
> There entering in an hostel call'd mine host, etc.

PAGE 24. — *She once had past that way . . . and as grave.* — These three lines are not in the early editions, which go on thus: 'For him, he reverenced,' etc.

*Presented.* — Represented, played the part of. Compare Shakespeare, 'Tempest,' iv. 1. 167: 'When I presented Ceres,' etc.

*We sent mine host to purchase female gear.* — The early editions go on as follows: —

> Which brought and clapt upon us, we tweezer'd out
> What slender blossom lived on lip and cheek
> Of manhood, gave mine host a costly bribe, etc.

PAGE 25. — *We follow'd up the river . . . speak for noise.* — The early editions read: —

> We rode till midnight when the college lights
> Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
> And linden alley; and then we past an arch
> Inscribed too dark for legible, and gain'd
> A little street half garden and half house;
> But could not hear each other speak for noise, etc.

*Clocks and chimes*, etc. — Dawson remarks: 'The love of precise punctuality, so deeply implanted in the female breast, has full scope at last, as far as pretty clocks go. Everywhere are busts, and statues, and lutes, and such like *bric-à-brac* aids

to knowledge — promiscuously strewed about, like blue china and crockery-ware bull-dogs in a modern drawing-room. Instinctively the male reader shrinks through this part of the poem, fearful of upsetting something. Very properly, also, the path of knowledge, thorny to the tyrannous male, is made comfortable there. The ladies drink in science "leaning deep in broidered down," as is befitting. Everything matches in that university. No common pine — the professorial desk is of satin-wood. Due attention is paid to dress also; the doctors are violet-hooded, and the girls all uniformly in white[1] — gregarious, though, even there as in the outer world. The Princess, her hair still damp after her plunge in the river, though sitting in indignant judgment upon the culprits, has yet a jewel on her forehead.'

*The nightingale, Rapt in her song.* — It is only the male bird that sings; but the poets generally follow the mythic ornithology which regards the nightingale as the transformed Philomela. See, however, 'The Gardener's Daughter': —

> The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
> Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.

In the 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' the *bulbul* is made masculine, as in the Persian: 'the bulbul as he sang.'

*Above an entry.* — The early reading is 'Above an archway.'

PAGE 26. — *This I seal'd . . . Venus hung.* — The early editions read: —

> This I seal'd
> (A Cupid reading) to be sent with dawn.

*Uranian Venus.* — The allusion is to Plato's 'Symposium': 'And am I not right in asserting that there are two goddesses?

[1] Lord Tennyson, in a letter dated Oct. 12, 1884, called my attention to this statement that the girls are 'uniformly in white.' He said: 'They were in white at chapel as we Cantabs were at our Trinity College Chapel in Cambridge; but . . . Lady Psyche's "side" (that is a Cambridge equivalent of "pupils") wore lilac robes and Lady Blanche's robes of daffodil colour. These two made the "long hall glitter like a bed of flowers." Dawson has lost half the splendour of the picture.'

The elder one having no mother, who is called the heavenly Aphrodite — she is the daughter of Uranus; the younger who is the daughter of Zeus and Dione — her we call Common; and the Love, who is her fellow-worker, may and must also have the name of common, as the other love is called heavenly' (Jowett, 'Dialogues of Plato,' vol. ii.).

PAGE 27. — *A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight.* — The poet, in the letter to Mr. Dawson already referred to, says:

'There was a period in my life when, as an artist, Turner, for instance, takes rough sketches of landskip, &c., in order to work them eventually into some great picture, so I was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature. I never put these down, and many and many a line has gone away on the north wind, but some remain, *e. g.:*

'A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight. *Suggestion:* The sea one night at Torquay, when Torquay was the most lovely sea-village in England, tho' now a smoky town. The sky was covered with thin vapour, and the moon was behind it.'

## SONG.

PAGE 29. — *As thro' the land at eve we went.* — The third edition has: 'I went.'

*And blessings on the falling out . . . with tears.* — These four lines were omitted in the fourth edition, but restored in the fifth.

*O there above the little grave.* — This line is not in the third edition.

## II.

PAGE 32. — *Couch'd beside her throne.* — The first American edition misprints 'crouch'd.'

*Of use and glory to yourselves.* — The early editions have: 'Of fame and profit unto yourselves.'

PAGE 33. — *We scarcely thought.* — The early editions read: 'We did not think;' and six lines below: 'We think not of

him.' They do not have the three lines beginning: 'Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.'

*Perused the matting.* — 'Peruse' is often used by Shakespeare in the sense of scan, survey, examine; as in 'The Comedy of Errors,' i. 2. 13: 'Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings;' 'Hamlet,' iv. 7. 137: 'Will not peruse the foils,' etc.

PAGE 34. — *That taught the Sabine how to rule.* — The nymph Egeria, who was said to have given laws to Numa Pompilius. Compare 'The Palace of Art': —

> Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
> To list a footfall, ere he saw
> The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
> Of wisdom and of law.

*The foundress of the Babylonian wall.* — Semiramis.

*The Carian Artemisia.* — The queen of Caria who was an ally of Xerxes, and who fought so well at Salamis that the Persian monarch said his women had become men and his men women.

*The Rhodope that built the pyramid.* — A famous courtesan of Greece who was said to have built a pyramid near Memphis with a part of the fortune she had acquired. According to Ælian, she afterwards married Psammetichus, King of Egypt. Compare Shakespeare, '1 Henry VI.' i. 6. 22: —

> A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
> Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was.

*Clelia* was a Roman girl, who, having been given as a hostage to Porsenna, escaped by swimming the Tiber on horseback. *Cornelia* is, of course, the mother of the Gracchi, and *the Palmyrene* is Zenobia. *Agrippina*, the grand-daughter of Augustus, accompanied her husband Germanicus on his German campaigns.

*Dwell with these . . . be noble.* — This passage is not in the early editions, which read: 'Of Agrippina. Leave us: you may go.'

PAGE 35. — *She spoke and bowing waved.* — The early editions read: 'So saying, she bowed and waved,' etc.

*That whisper'd 'Asses' ears' among the sedge.* — Tennyson follows Chaucer, who ('Wife of Bath's Tale') makes Midas confide the secret of his asses' ears only to his wife. Chaucer professes to follow Ovid, but, according to the Latin poet, it was Midas's barber that could not keep the secret.

PAGE 36. — *This world was once a fluid haze of light, etc.* — It would be impossible to summarise the nebular hypothesis more concisely or precisely than the poet has done it here.

On the lecture as a whole, compare Prior, 'Alma': —

> She kindly talked, at least three hours,
> Of plastic forms and mental powers,
> Described our pre-existing station
> Before this vile terrene creation:
> And lest we should grow weary, Madam,
> To cut things short, came down to Adam;
> From thence, as fast as she was able,
> She drowns the world and builds up Babel;
> Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
> And takes the Romans in the close.

*The Lycian custom.* — According to Herodotus, the Lycians differed from all other nations in taking their names from their mothers instead of their fathers, and in tracing their ancestry in the feminine rather than the masculine line.

*That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo.* — That is, the Etruscan women, who, in the paintings at Volterra, are depicted as sharing the banquets with their husbands. 'Lar' or 'Lars' was an honorary appellation in Etruria, equivalent to the English *Lord;* and 'Lucumo' was a title given to the Etruscan princes and priests, like the Roman *patricius.*

PAGE 37. — *Kaffir.* — The early editions spell it 'Caffre.'

PAGE 38. — *Plato, Verulam.* — Compare 'The Palace of Art': 'Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam.'

*And, last not least, she who had left her place.* — The early editions have: 'And she, tho' last not least, who left her place.'

PAGE 39. — *My vow binds me to speak, etc.* — The early editions read: —

I am bound
To tell her. O, she has an iron will,
An axelike edge unturnable, etc.

PAGE 41. — *Bestrode my grandsire.* — To defend him. Compare Shakespeare, 'Comedy of Errors,' v. 1. 192: —

When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life;

and 'I Henry IV.' v. 1. 122: 'Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.'

*Woman, if I might sit beside your feet.* — The early editions have: 'A woman,' etc.

PAGE 44. — *I knew you at the first . . . to see you, Florian.* — The early editions read: —

You are grown, and yet I knew you at the first.
I am very glad, and I am very vext
To see you, Florian.

*Then, a moment after.* — The early editions have: 'and a moment after.'

PAGE 45. — *April daffodilly.* — The 'Quarterly Review' (vol. 82, March, 1848) says that daffodils are 'not April guests, but "take the winds of *March* with beauty"' ['Winter's Tale,' iv. 4. 120]. Commenting on this in a letter to me, Tennyson said: 'Daffodils in the North of England belong as much to April as to March. I myself remember a man presenting me in the streets of Dublin the finest bunch of daffodils I almost ever saw on the 15th of April. It amused me at the time, for I had just been reading the Quarterly article.' I may add that *ten days* of Shakespeare's *March* properly belonged to *April*, as we now reckon it.

*And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes, etc.* — Compare Moore, 'Loves of the Angels': —

I soon could track each thought that lay
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear.

See also 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' i. 1. 111: —

You cannot read it there; there through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em!

*Seen to wave and float.* — The early editions have: 'seem to wave and float.'

*Did not wish.* — The early editions have: 'did not mean;' and in the next line, '*I* pray you,' etc.

PAGE 46. — *The Danaid of a leaky vase.* — The allusion to the myth of the daughters of Danaus, condemned eternally to the hopeless task of filling a leaky vessel with water, seems a little pedantic here; but perhaps not more so than Melissa's reply. Both teacher and pupil are crammed with ancient lore.

*That we still may lead.* — The early editions have: 'that we may live to lead.'

*Tho', Madam, you should answer.* — All the editions point thus: 'Tho' madam *you* should answer,' etc. Even the small *m* in 'madam' (which is elsewhere printed with a capital) has been carefully reproduced, from the first edition down.

PAGE 47. — *For half the day . . . crescent-wise.* — The early editions have: 'From room to room: in each we sat,' etc.

PAGE 49. — *What think you . . . If not.* — The early editions have only the line, 'What think you of it, Florian? Will it hold?'

PAGE 50. — *Intent on her . . . falsely brown.* — The early editions read thus: —

Intent upon the Princess, where she sat
Among her grave Professors, scattering gems
Of Art and Science: only Lady Blanche,
A double-rouged and treble-wrinkled Dame,
With all her faded Autumns falsely brown, etc.

PAGE 51. — *Men hated learned women . . . often came.* — The early editions read: 'Men hated learned women: and to us came;' and three lines below: —

That harm'd not: so we sat; and now when day
Droop'd, and the chapel tinkled, mixt with those, etc.

SONG.

PAGE 53. — *Come from the dying moon.* — The third edition has: 'dropping moon.'

III.

PAGE 55. — *There while we stood beside the fount.* — The early editions have: 'And while,' etc.; three lines below, 'Or sorrow' for 'Or grief'; and again three lines below, 'and we demanding' for 'and when I ask'd her.'

PAGE 56. — *If they had been men . . . for hours.* — The early editions read: —

> 'if they had been men,
> And in their fulsome fashion woo'd you, child,
> You need not take so deep a rouge: like men —
> And so they are, — very like men indeed —
> And closeted with her for hours. Aha!'
> Then came these dreadful words out, etc.

*Set your thoughts in rubric.* — That is, in *red*, like the rubrics in a prayer-book.

PAGE 57. — *They mounted, Ganymedes.* — Compare the picture in 'The Palace of Art': —

> Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
> Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
> Sole as a flying star shot through the sky,
> Above the pillar'd town.

PAGE 58. — *God help her!* — The early editions have: 'God pardon her!' and below, 'the love of the Princess' for 'the heart of Ida.'

*Yet my mother still.* — The early editions have: 'only Lady Blanche' (the poet forgot who was speaking), and below, 'the Royal heart,' for 'her pupil's love.'

PAGE 59. — *To the sphere.* — That is, to the upper air. Milton, in 'Comus,' 241, calls Echo 'Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,' which has puzzled the commentators and given rise to sundry far-fetched explanations. In my opinion, 'daughter of the sphere' means daughter of the *air;* and the

'sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse' of the same poet ('At a Solemn Music,' 2) are the *air*-born sisters. The dictionaries do not recognise this meaning of *sphere* (equivalent to *atmosphere*), but it is a Grecism of a simple sort, and furnishes an easy explanation of these otherwise perplexing passages.

*But in her own grand way: being herself.* — The early editions read: 'For being, and wise in knowing that she is,' etc.

*Hebes are they to hand ambrosia.* — The early reading is: 'They are Hebes meet to hand ambrosia,' etc.

*The Samian Herè.* — Juno, or the Greek *Hera*. The island Samos was one of her favourite seats.

*Memnon.* — Compare 'The Palace of Art': —

> And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
> Rivers of melodies.

PAGE 60. — *From the court.* — The early editions have: 'from out the court.'

*Balusters.* — The accent on the second syllable is peculiar.

*No fighting shadows . . . crabb'd and gnarl'd.* — These two lines are not in the early editions.

*I knock'd, and, bidden, enter'd; found her there.* — The early editions have: 'I knock'd and bidden went in; I found,' etc. In the next line they have 'sally,' for 'move.'

*As man's could be.* — The early editions have: 'As man could be,' — connected of course with 'courteous' instead of 'phrase.'

*Fabled nothing fair.* — Told no plausible falsehoods; or 'minted nothing false,' as it reads in the early editions.

PAGE 61. — *True — we had limed ourselves.* — The early reading is: 'She said we had limed ourselves.'

PAGE 62. — *That afternoon.* — The early editions have: In the afternoon.'

*Furrowy forks.* — The early editions have: 'dark-blue forks,' and 'full-leaved' in the next line.

PAGE 63. — *I gazed . . . Yet I felt.* — One of the passages added in the fourth edition.

*Then from my breast.* — The early editions have 'And' for 'Then,' and 'clomb' for 'got' three lines below.

*Retinue.* — Accented on the second syllable; as in 'Guinevere': 'Of his and her retinue moving they;' and in 'Aylmer's Field': 'The dark retinue reverencing death.' So Milton, in the two instances in which he uses the word: 'Paradise Lost,' v. 355: 'On princes, when their rich retinue long;' and 'Paradise Regained,' ii. 419: 'What followers, what retinue canst thou gain?' and Shakespeare (the only instance in verse), 'Lear,' i. 4. 221: 'But other of your insolent retinue.'

PAGE 64. — *As we ourself have been.* — 'Ourselves' in the early editions, as elsewhere in the poem. I shall not refer to the other instances.

PAGE 65. — *To lift the woman's fallen divinity.* — The early editions have: 'To uplift,' etc.

*Vashti.* — See 'Esther,' i. 12.

*Breathes full East.* — Breathes the proud and defiant spirit of the Eastern queen. Dawson takes it to refer (as it may, incidentally) to 'the dry and unpleasant east-winds prevalent in England.'

*On that which leans to you.* — In regard to what suits your purpose, or favours your theories.

PAGE 67. — *The one* POU STO. — Alluding to the oft-quoted saying of Archimedes, 'Give me *where I may stand*, and I will move the world' (δὸς ποῦ στῶ, καὶ κόσμον κινήσω).

*By frail successors.* — The early editions have: 'Of frail successors.'

*If that same poet-princess . . . might at all be won.* — The early editions read: 'If that strange maiden could,' etc.

PAGE 68. — *Gynæceum.* — The portion of the Greek house where the women had their quarters.

PAGE 69. — *Diotima.* — A wise woman of Mantinea, whom Socrates, in Plato's 'Symposium,' calls his instructress.

*Those monstrous males that carve the living hound, etc.* — Referring to vivisection, and the assertion that dogs have sometimes been fed with the fragments of the dissecting-room.

The poet was one of the signers of the petition to Parliament against vivisection. Compare 'The Children's Hospital':

I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawned at his knee —
Drenched with the hellish oorali — that ever such things should be!

*Encarnalize.*— Make carnal, sensualise; apparently the poet's own coinage, but since used by Hartley Coleridge, Canon Farrar, and others.

PAGE 70. — *The shadow, Time.* — Compare Wordsworth, Yew-Trees': —

Death, the skeleton,
And Time, the shadow.

*We rode a league beyond, etc.* — The early editions read: —

we rode a little higher
To cross the flood by a narrow bridge, and came, etc.

*O, how sweet, etc.* — The early editions have: 'And O how sweet,' etc.

PAGE 71. — *The Elysian lawns.* — Dawson takes these to be the plains of Troy, and 'built to the sun' to refer to the origin of the city, ascribed by Ovid to the music of Apollo's lyre. See Vol. I. p. 358. But the poet writes to me thus: 'The "Elysian lawns" are the lawns of Elysium, and have nothing to do with Troy — or perhaps they rather refer to the Islands of the Blest (Pindar, *Olymp.* 2d).' 'Built to the sun' must then mean simply 'rising sunward, lofty.'

*Fair Corinna's triumph.* — Over Pindar, 'the bearded Victor of ten thousand hymns.'

*With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I.* — The early editions read: 'With Psyche, Florian with the other, and I,' etc.

## SONG.

PAGE 73. — No change has been made in this song.

Dawson says: 'The theme is a sharp antithesis, arising out of a surface analogy between the echoes of a bugle on a moun-

tain lake, and the influences of soul upon soul through growing distances of time. In the case of the "horns of Elfland" —

> they die on yon rich sky,
> They faint on hill, or field, or river.

Fainter comes the echo in proportion to the receding distance. But how different with the influences of the soul —

> Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And *grow* for ever and for ever.

The stress of meaning is in the word *grow*. The song is evidently one of married love, and the growing echoes reverberate from generation to generation, from grandparent to parent and grandchild. Once more it is unity through the family. In the first song a unity through the past, in the second a unity in the present, and in this a unity for the future.'

This song was suggested by the bugle music of the boatmen on Lake Killarney; and Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie ('Records of Tennyson, etc.,' 1892) says: 'Here is a reminiscence of Tennyson's about the echo at Killarney, where he said to the boatman, "When I last was here I heard eight echoes, and now I only hear one." To which the man, who had heard people quoting the bugle song, replied, "Why, you must be the gentleman that brought all the money to the place."'

It may be noted that some of the most musical lines in the song are composed entirely of monosyllables.

## IV.

PAGE 75. — *The nebulous star we call the Sun.* — Dawson says: 'The Princess, with the accuracy taught only recently by the spectroscope, calls the sun *a nebulous star*;' but the expression implies no more than was taught by the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, to which reference has been made by Psyche above. This is the 'hypothesis' of the next line.

*Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.* — The early editions have: 'Fruit, viand, blossom, and amber wine and gold.'

PAGE 76. — *Tears, idle tears, etc.* — Mr. George Grove, in an interesting 'commentary' on this song ('Macmillan's Magazine,' November, 1866), says: 'The keynote is clearly and beautifully struck in the first stanza. Nothing moves the spirit of man so profoundly as some of the appearances of nature; more profoundly because it is often impossible to explain why it should be so. The vague but intense yearning, the feeling of vastness and longing, which possesses one at the sight of certain aspects of the sunset, has been felt by almost every one. . . . The same kind of feeling, only more personal and less vast, and coloured rather by wild, passionate human regret, is apt to seize the mind in autumn, in viewing some scene of sweet, rich, peaceful beauty, like the "happy autumn fields" of this poem. . . . The keynote of "some divine despair" in the heart is touched. Persons and incidents, fraught with unutterable recollections and worth all the world to one, — a dead child, a lost love, a sudden look, a parting, a difference, a reconciliation, — present themselves with peculiar power. It is perhaps long since we had to do with them, but they come back as "fresh" as if it were yesterday; they fill the mind as if present, in all their sweetness and familiar tender dearness, and the pang of absence, and the maddening sense of the utter irrecoverableness of the past, rushes in after them with a "wild regret," and the tears, the "idle tears" — not idle in themselves, but idle only because "we know not what they mean" — "rise from the depths" of our "divine despair," — divine because so utterly beyond all human reason or knowledge, — and gather, smarting, in the eyes of the gazer.

'The images in which this grief of the mind is presented are not only very original, but they succeed one another in a progression as subtle and delicate as it is admirable. . . . The natural and external image of the "happy autumn fields" is continued in the wide expanse of the ocean, the ships, and the sunbeams striking across the world, all external to the observer. It is again continued in the rising of the "dim dawn," "loud with voices of the birds" outside the casement, though here intensified and made more solemn by the introduction of the

slowly dying man, on whose dull eyes and feeble ears these sights and sounds strike for the last time. The outward-bound ship, bearing off "all we love," is mournful enough, as, in the chill damp air which foreruns the night, we watch the last red tint on the sails, and wait for the sun to drop below the sea-line, and all to assume, as if by magic, one dull, leaden, indistinguishable hue. This is mournful, but the picture which follows it — the dying man on his death-bed, watching the faint beginnings of his last day on earth — is surely one of the most desolate in all literature or art. Even this, however, can be surpassed. So far we have been spectators only, — looking at that which is outside of us. In the fourth and last stanza we encounter a sudden modulation; and, by a transition than which Beethoven himself never imagined anything more sudden and less violent, we are landed in a region quite remote from the former one, — the region of our own selves, — and amongst images that transcend those that precede them as much as that which is personal and passionate must surpass that which is merely external and passive. Sad as is the departure of all we love across the waste of ocean, desolate as are the loneliness of the long daybreak and the dim sounds of life to the dying man, the sting of kisses remembered, when the loved one who kissed us is gone for ever, is still sharper:

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

'But even this again may be exceeded. There may be a union of sweetness and mad anguish in repeating in fancy the caresses of lips, once all your own, and now lost for ever, — lost, not by death, or any such divine decree, but by human faults, by faithlessness, or misunderstanding, or social difference, or some other cause which infuses a rankling sense of injustice into the pain of the loss. As it is the thought of death that forms the link between the two stanzas, — the dying man leading on to the dead love, — so it is the introduction of the idea of love which gives the last stanza its special keenness, which makes it so truly the climax of the poem. For love is the crown of all human things, and gives the last bitterness to sorrow, the highest culmination to joy; and in com-

parison to it, absence, and friendship, and kindred, and death, and all other ills and all other delights of earth, are as nothings, as mere passing vanities. Nor is it love alone that is introduced, but its very acme — the kiss, the "meeting of the lips" when "spirits rush together," and soul closes with soul on fire. Thus pointed and thus presented, the memory of the "days that are no more" becomes indeed a very "Death in Life."'

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie says ('Records of Tennyson, etc.'): 'One of my family remembers hearing Tennyson say that "Tears, idle Tears" was suggested by Tintern Abbey: who shall say by what mysterious wonder of beauty and regret, by what sense of the "transient with the abiding"?'

PAGE 77. — *Cram our ears with wool.* — No doubt suggested by the story of Ulysses stopping the ears of his companions with wax, that they might not hear the song of the Sirens.

*A true occasion lost.* — The early editions have: 'gone' for 'lost;' and the next two lines read thus: —

> But trim our sails, and let the old proverb serve
> While down the streams that buoy each separate craft, etc.

One might not guess 'the old proverb' here.

*Kex.* — A provincial word for the dry stalks of hemlock; here put for any wild growth springing up in the crevices of the mosaic pavement and breaking the beautiful work.

*The heard-blown goat.* — As the poet explains, in his letter to Dawson, this refers to 'the wind blowing the beard on the height of the ruined pillar.' The early editions read: —

> The starr'd mosaic, and the wild goat hang
> Upon the pillar, and the wild fig-tree split, etc.

*The wild fig-tree.* — Often referred to by the Roman poets as rending asunder ruined buildings and monuments. Compare Martial (x. 2): 'Marmora Messalae findit caprificus.' See also Juvenal, x. 147.

'Ramage in his "Nooks and By-ways of Italy" (p. 69) is reminded of this passage by noticing a wild fig springing out of, and splitting a rock in the Apennines' (Dawson).

PAGE 78. — *Then to me.* — The first edition has: 'and then to me.'

*A death's-head at the wine.* — According to the Egyptian custom mentioned by Herodotus (i. 78): 'At their convivial banquets, among the wealthy classes, when they have finished supper, a man carries round in a coffin the image of a dead body carved in wood, made as like as possible in colour and workmanship, and in size generally about one or two cubits in length; and showing this to each of the company, he says, "Look upon this, then drink and enjoy yourself; for when dead you will be like this."'

PAGE 79. — *And her heart would rock the snowy cradle till I died.* — Compare Shakespeare, 'Venus and Adonis,' 1185:

> Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
> My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night.

*The tender ash delays To clothe herself, when all the woods are green.* — This is botanically true, and is one of the many passages that show the poet's close observation of nature.

*Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time.* — That is, like the suitors of Penelope, who do not recognise the disguised Ulysses, and laugh in a constrained way, they know not why. Compare 'Odyssey,' xx. 347: *οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελῴων ἀλλοτρίοισιν* (literally, 'laughed with other men's jaws').

*O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan, etc.* — See Vol. I. p. 329. The love of the nightingale for the rose is a favourite theme with Saadi and his brother poets. 'Gulistan' is Persian for rose-garden, and Saadi takes it as the title of his book of poems.

The 'marsh-diver' (or water-rail) and the 'meadow-crake' (corn-crake, or land-rail) are unmusical birds. Wood (quoted by Dawson) says of the latter that its cry 'may be exactly imitated by drawing a quill or a piece of stick smartly over the large teeth of a comb, or by rubbing together two jagged strips of bone.'

PAGE 80. — *Poor soul! . . . junketing and love.* — These ten lines are not in the early editions.

*Valkyrian hymns.* — Such as were sung by the Valkyrs, or Valkyrias, 'the choosers of the slain,' or fatal sisters of Odin in the Northern mythology.

*Would this same mock-love, etc.* — The early editions have: 'I would.'

PAGE 81. — *Owed to none.* — The early editions have: 'due to none.'

*Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd glass had wrought.* — The early editions have: 'Did Cyril;' and 'begin' for 'began' in the next line.

PAGE 82. — *Said Ida, 'home! to horse!' and fled.* — The early editions read: 'Said Lady Ida; and fled at once, as flies,' etc.

PAGE 83. — *Her maidens glimmeringly group'd.* — The second edition misprints 'group.'

*They cried, 'she lives.'* — The early editions have: 'and crying.'

*Across the woods.* — The first edition reads: 'Across the thicket.'

PAGE 84. — *The hunter.* — Actæon. The first edition has: 'Of open metal, in which the old hunter rued,' etc.

*The Bear.* — The constellation *Ursa Major*, the 'seven slow suns' being of course the stars that form 'Charles's Wain,' or the 'Dipper.' The early editions print 'the bear.'

*Then a loftier form.* — The first edition has: 'and then.'

*'How came you here?' I told him: 'I,' said he.* — The early editions read: 'I found the key in the doors: how came you here?'

PAGE 86. — *But as the water-lily, etc.* — Critics have compared Wordsworth, 'Excursion,' book v., where Moral Truth is said to be

> a thing
> Subject, you deem, to vital accidents,
> And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
> Whose root is fix'd in stable earth, whose head
> Floats on the tossing waves.

Tennyson, in his letter to Dawson, gives as the 'suggestion' of this passage: 'Water-lilies in my own pond, seen on a

gusty day with my own eyes. They did start and slide in the sudden puffs of wind, till caught and stayed by the tether of their own stalks — quite as *true* as Wordsworth's simile, and more in detail.' Dawson had said that Wordsworth's was 'the truer picture.'

*Musky-circled mazes.* — The early editions read: 'To thrid thro' all the musky mazes, wind,' etc.

*Bubbled the nightingale.* — Most aptly descriptive of the bird's warbling. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie says: 'Once, when Mr. Tennyson was in Yorkshire, so he told me, as he was walking at night in a friend's garden, he heard a nightingale singing with such a frenzy of passion that it was unconscious of everything else, and not frightened though he came and stood quite close beside it; he could see its eye flashing, and feel the air bubble in his ear through the vibration.'

*And secret laughter tickled all my soul.* — A 'touch of nature' this, making the Prince enjoy the excitement of the race, serious though the issue of it might be.

PAGE 87. — *Hook'd my ankle in a vine.* — The early editions have 'took' for 'hook'd.'

*The mystic fire on a mast-head.* — The electrical phenomenon known to Italian and other sailors as 'Saint Elmo's fires.' Compare Longfellow, 'Golden Legend': —

> Last night I saw St. Elmo's stars,
> With their glimmering lanterns, all at play
> On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,
> And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.

*Wail'd about with mews.* — The early editions have: 'clang'd about with mews.'

PAGE 88. — *In old days.* — The early editions have: 'in the old days.'

*To me you froze.* — The early editions have: 'you froze to me.'

PAGE 90. — *I came to tell you; found that you had gone.* — The early editions read: 'I judged it best to speak; but you had gone;' two lines below, 'tell you' for 'speak;' and seven lines below, 'the merit' for 'some sense.'

PAGE 91. — *We take it to ourself.* — The early editions have: 'assume it.'

PAGE 92. — *A Niobean daughter.* — The poet has another allusion to Niobe in 'Walking to the Mail': 'the Niobe of swine.'

*And on a sudden rush'd.* — The first edition has: 'ran in' for 'rush'd.'

*Out of breath, as one pursued.* — The early editions have: 'all out of breath, as pursued.'

*When the wild peasant rights himself,* etc. — Referring to the incendiary fires so common in the troubles with the English agricultural labourers some years before the poem was written.

PAGE 93. — *Render him up.* — The early editions have: 'deliver him up.'

PAGE 94. — *Regal compact.* — The first American edition misprints 'legal.'

*Zealous it should be.* — The early editions have: 'and willing it should be.'

PAGE 95. — *Vague brightness.* — The 'Quarterly Review,' (vol. 82), commenting on this, says: that 'no brightness can be more distinct than that of the moon;' but the purblind critic does not see that the poet describes it as it appears *to the baby.* The comparison is as true as it is apt.

*Inmost south.* — The early editions have: 'the inmost south;' and in the next line, 'the inmost north.' Four lines below they have: 'tho' you had been' for 'had you been.'

*Landskip.* — The earlier and better form of 'landscape.'

PAGE 96. — *My boyish dream.* — The early editions have: 'Mine old ideal.'

PAGE 97. — *At her feet.* — The early editions have: 'on the marble.'

*Fixt like a beacon tower above the waves, etc.* — Compare 'Enoch Arden': —

> Allured him as the beacon-blaze allures
> The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
> Against it, and beats out his weary life.

*The crimson-rolling eye.* — It is a red 'revolving' light. In the next line the first edition has: 'wild sea-birds' for 'wild birds.'

PAGE 99. — *We hold a great convention.* — The early editions read: 'We meet to elect new tutors.'

PAGE 100. — *You saved our life.* — The early editions have: 'You have saved;' and in the following lines: 'the wholesome' for 'our good,' and 'tutors' for 'servants.'

PAGE 101. — *Your falsehood and yourself.* — The early editions have: 'your face' for 'yourself.'

*While I listen'd . . . all mischance but came.* — The early editions read:—

> The voices murmuring; till upon my spirits
> Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy,
> Which I shook off, for I was young, and one
> To whom the shadow of all mischance but came, etc.

INTERLUDE.

PAGE 103. — The interlude was added in the third edition (see p. 303 above). There the song begins thus: —

> When all among the thundering drums
> Thy soldier in the battle stands;

and ends with

> Strikes them dead for thine and thee.
> Tara ta tantara.

In the fourth edition it was changed to its present form.

The following is another version of the song, printed in the volume of 'Selections' made by Tennyson (1865), but not included in his collected works: —

> Lady, let the rolling drums
> Beat to battle where thy warrior stands:
> Now thy face across his fancy comes,
> And gives the battle to his hands.
>
> Lady, let the trumpets blow,
> Clasp thy little babes about thy knee:
> Now their warrior father meets the foe,
> And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

## V.

PAGE 105. — *Till we heard.* — The early editions have 'until.'

PAGE 106. — *There brake.* — The early editions have 'outbrake.'

*King, you are free.* — The early editions have: 'You are free, O king.'

*More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath.* — This simile, like so many others, illustrates the poet's minute observation of nature. No flower that blows has a more crumpled and generally unpromising look when it first opens than the poppy.

*Then some one . . . As boys that slink.* — The early editions read: —

> 'But hence,' he said, 'indue yourselves like men.
> Your Cyril told us all.' As boys that slink, etc.

PAGE 107. — *Here Cyril met us.* — All the recent editions have a period after 'us,' but this is clearly a misprint.

PAGE 108. — *From brows as pale and smooth, etc.* — Probably referring to Michael Angelo's *Pietà* in St. Peter's at Rome.

PAGE 110. — '*Look you,' cried my father.* — The early editions read here: —

> 'Look to it,' cried
> My father, 'that our compact is perform'd.
> You have spoilt this girl; she laughs at you and man:
> She shall not legislate for Nature, king,
> But yields, or war,' etc.

PAGE 111. — *At him that mars her plan.* — The early editions have: 'At the enemy of her plan.'

*More soluble is this knot.* — The early editions add the line: 'Like almost all the rest, if men were wise;' and 'And dusted down your domes with mangonels' after the line 'Your cities into shards,' etc.

*Flitting chance.* — The first four editions have: 'little chance.'

PAGE 112. — *Boy, when . . . for shame!* — For these seven lines the early editions have only the line: 'They prize hard knocks, and to be won by force.'

PAGE 114. — *Pure as lines of green that streak the white, etc.* — Another illustration of the poet's keen observation of nature. Most writers would have taken the *white* of the snowdrop as the emblem of purity (as Tennyson himself does in 'Saint Agnes'), but that delicate *green* seems more exquisitely pure, even beside the white.

*Not like the piebald miscellany, man.* — The early editions read: —

> Not like strong bursts of sample among men,
> But all one piece; and take them all in all, etc.

PAGE 115. — *As frankly theirs.* — The early editions have: 'as easily theirs.'

PAGE 116. — *Our royal word.* — The first American edition misprints 'loyal.'

PAGE 117. — *The airy Giant's zone.* — The belt of Orion.

PAGE 118. — *And as the fiery Sirius alters hue, etc.* — Dawson quotes Proctor's 'Myths and Marvels of Astronomy': 'Every bright star when close to the horizon shows these colours, and so much the more distinctly as the star is the brighter. Sirius, which surpasses the brightest stars of the northern hemisphere full four times in lustre, shows these changes of colour so conspicuously that they were regarded as specially characteristic of this star, insomuch that Homer speaks of Sirius (not by name, but as the "Star of Autumn") shining most beautifully "when laved of ocean's wave," — that is, when close to the horizon.'

Dawson adds: 'The expression "laved of ocean's wave" explains the "washed with morning" of our poet. The glitter of the early morning sun on the bright helmets of the brothers, and the glance of light upon their armour as they rode, are vividly realised in this beautiful simile.' The passage of Homer is 'Iliad,' v. 5, thus rendered by Merivale: —

> Flashed from his helm and buckler a bright incessant gleam,
> Like summer star that burns afar, new bathed in ocean's stream.

*And, ere the windy jest . . . three to three.* — The early editions read thus:

and Arac turning said:
'Our land invaded, life and soul! himself
Your captive, yet my father wills not war:
But, Prince, the question of your troth remains;
And there 's a downright honest meaning in her:
She ask'd but space and fairplay for her scheme;
She prest and prest it on me; life! I felt
That she was half right talking of her wrongs:
And I 'll stand by her. Waive your claim, or else
Decide it here; why not? we are three to three.'

I lagg'd in answer, loth to strike her kin,
And cleave the rift of difference deeper yet;
Till one of those two brothers, half aside,
And fingering at the hair about his lip,
To prick us on to combat, 'Three to three?
But such a three to three were three to one.'
A boast that clenched his purpose like a blow!
For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-scoff,
And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the sense
Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,
And tipt with sportive malice to and fro
Like pointed arrows leapt the taunts and hit.

PAGE 119. — *Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men.* — St. Catherine of Alexandria, daughter of Costis (half-brother to Constantine the Great) and Sabinella, Queen of Egypt. Maxentius during his persecution sent fifty learned men to dispute with her, but she confuted and converted them all.

PAGE 121. — *'Sdeath! but we will send to her, etc.* — The early editions read: —

'We will send to her,' Arac said,
'A score of worthy reasons why she should
Bide by this issue,' etc.

PAGE 122. — *Thro' open doors.* — The early editions have: 'Thro' the open doors.'

*Like a stately pine, etc.* — The following is from the 'Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough,' dated in the Valley of Cauterets,

Sept. 7, 1861: 'I have been out for a walk with A. T. to a sort of island between two waterfalls, with pines on it, of which he retained a recollection from his visit of thirty-one years ago, and which, moreover, furnished a simile to "The Princess." He is very fond of this place, evidently.'

PAGE 123. — *Tomyris.* — The queen of the Massagetæ, who, according to Herodotus (i. 214), defeated Cyrus the Great in battle, B. C. 529, and afterwards insulted his dead body.

*O brother, you have known, etc.* — The early editions read:

> You have known, O brother, all the pangs we felt,
> What heats of moral anger when we heard, etc.

*Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride, etc.* — It was a Russian custom in the seventeenth century for the bride, on her wedding-day, to present her husband, in token of submission, with a whip made by her own hands.

PAGE 124. — *Mothers . . . fling their pretty maids in the running flood, etc.* — The reference is to the throwing of female infants into the Ganges, where the vultures are often seen to swoop down upon them before they sink.

*That equal baseness lived in sleeker times.* — The early editions have: 'That it was little better in better times.'

*I built a fold for them.* — The early editions have: 'we built' (but 'I set' just above); and the plural pronoun also in the following thirteen lines.

*Rout of saucy boys.* — The early editions have 'set' for 'rout;' and below 'old affiance' for 'baby troth.'

PAGE 125. — *Since you think me touch'd.* — The early editions have: 'think we are touch'd;' and 'nay' for 'what' in the next line.

*You failing, I abide, etc.* — The early editions read: —

> We abide what end soe'er,
> You failing; but we know you will not. Still,
> You must not slay him: he risk'd his life for ours, etc.

*Till she Whose name is yoked with children . . . following, etc.* — The early editions read: —

till she
The woman-phantom, she that seem'd no more
Than the man's shadow in a glass, her name
Yoked in his mouth with children's, know herself,
And knowledge liberate her, nor only here,
But ever following, etc.

PAGE 126. — *A postscript.* — As Dawson remarks, 'the solemn and sonorous despatch cannot leave her hand without the inevitable postscript.'

*I think Our chiefest comfort, etc.* — The early editions have: 'we think;' and below they read: —

We took it for an hour this morning to us,
In our own bed: the tender orphan hands
Felt at our heart, and seem'd to charm from thence
The wrath we nursed against the world: farewell.

PAGE 127. — *Look you!* — The early editions have: 'Look to it.'

*But you — she's yet a colt . . . and brawl, etc.* — The early reading is: —

but take and break her, you!
She's yet a colt: well groom'd and strongly curb'd,
She might not rank with those detestable
That to the hireling leave their babe, and brawl, etc.

PAGE 128. — *For it was nearly noon.* — The early editions have: 'it was the point of noon.' After omitting the next fourteen lines, they go on thus: —

The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed
We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blared
At the barrier, — yet a moment, and once more, etc.

PAGE 129. — *In conflict with the crash, etc.* — The early editions have: 'In the middle with the crash,' etc. Of course, they do not contain the sentence, 'Yet it seem'd a dream; I dream'd Of fighting.'

*And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.* — After this line,

the fourth edition has the line (afterwards omitted) : 'A noble dream! What was it else I saw?'

*Mellay.* — An anglicised spelling of the French *mêlée.*

PAGE 130. — *And in my dream, etc.* — The early editions read : —

and thinking thus
I glanced to the left, and saw, etc.

*Let me see her fall.* — The early editions have 'die' for 'fall.' They do not contain the sentence : 'Yea, let me make my dream All that I would;' nor the line 'His visage all agrin as at a wake.'

*Flaying.* — The early editions add 'off;' and three lines below they read : 'that the earth.'

PAGE 131. — *Heavier.* — The early editions have 'suppler;' and five lines below, 'life and love' for 'dream and truth.'

## SONG.

PAGE 133. — *Her warrior.* — The first reading was : 'the warrior.'

*Like summer.* — At first, 'Like a summer.'

A song first published in the 'Selections' (1865), and not included in the latest editions of Tennyson's collected works, seems like an early draft of this one. It reads thus : —

Home they brought him slain with spears.
They brought him home at even-fall;
All alone she sits and hears
Echoes in his empty hall,
Sounding on the morrow.

The sun peeped in from open field,
The boy began to leap and prance,
Rode upon his father's lance,
Beat upon his father's shield,
'Oh, hush, my joy, my sorrow!'

## VI.

PAGE 135. — In place of the first five lines the early editions have only this: —

> What follow'd, tho' I saw not, yet I heard
> So often that I speak as having seen;

and for the next three lines: 'For when our side was vanquish'd and my cause.'

*Babe in arm.* — Compare 'The Palace of Art': 'Sat smiling, babe in arm;' and see Vol. II. p. 319.

*That great dame of Lapidoth.* — See Judges, iv. 4 and v. 1 fol.

PAGE 136. — *Growing breeze.* — The early editions have: 'Æonian breeze.'

PAGE 137. — *Blanch'd in our annals.* — That is, fortunate, propitious; as the Latin *albus* was sometimes used.

PAGE 138. — *The tremulous isles of light.* — 'Spots of sunshine coming through the leaves, and seeming to slide from one to the other, as the procession of girls "moves under shade"' (Tennyson's letter to Dawson).

*Slided* occurs again (for the sake of the metre, as here) in 'Merlin and Vivien': 'Writhed toward him, slided up his knee and sat.'

*Thro' open field.* — The early editions have: 'Thro' the open field.'

PAGE 140. — *This great clog of thanks, that make.* — The early editions have 'makes.'

PAGE 141. — *But he that lay Beside us, etc.* — The early editions read: —

> but Cyril, who lay
> Bruised, where he fell, not far off, much in pain,
> Trail'd himself, etc.

PAGE 142. — *Fixt in yourself.* — All the editions have 'fix'd,' but elsewhere 'fixt.'

*One port of sense.* — Portal; as in Shakespeare, '2 Henry IV.' iv. 5. 24: 'That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide,' etc. The first four editions have 'part' for 'port.'

PAGE 143. — *I will give it her.* — The early editions have: 'and I will.'

*No purple in the distance.* — Compare 'In Memoriam,' xxxvii.:

> With weary steps I loiter on,
> Tho' always under alter'd skies
> The purple from the distance dies,
> My prospect and horizon gone.

*Helpless . . . barren.* — The early editions have: 'waxen . . . milkless.'

PAGE 144. — *Then Arac, etc.* — The early editions read: 'Then Arac: "Soul and life!"' etc. They have the line: 'I am your brother; I advise you well' after the line 'Upon the woman,' etc.

*'Sdeath! I would sooner fight.* — The early editions have: 'Life! I would sooner fight.'

PAGE 145. — *I trust that there is no one hurt to death.* — This line is not in the early editions.

PAGE 149. — *Amazed am I to hear.* — The early editions have: 'I am all amaze to hear.'

PAGE 150. — *Rang ruin, answered, etc.* — The speech that follows has been much abridged, the early editions reading thus: —

> Rang ruin, answered full of grief and scorn:
> 'What! in our time of glory when the cause
> Now stands up, first, a trophied pillar — now
> So clipt, so stinted in our triumph — barred
> Even from our free heart-thanks, and every way
> Thwarted and vext, and lastly catechised
> By our own creature! one that made our laws!
> Our great she-Solon! her that built the nest
> To hatch the cuckoo! whom we called our friend!
> But we will crush the lie that glances at us
> As cloaking in the larger charities
> Some baby predilection; all amazed!
> We must amaze this legislator more.
> Fling our doors wide!' etc.

Below the reading was: —

> 'Pass and mingle with your likes.
> Go, help the half-brain'd dwarf, Society,
> To find low motives unto noble deeds,
> To fix all doubt upon the darker side;
> Go, fitter thou for narrowest neighbourhoods,
> Old talker, haunt where gossip breeds and seethes
> And festers in provincial sloth! and you,
> That think we sought to practise on a life
> Risk'd for our own and trusted to our hands,
> What say you, Sir? you hear us; deem ye not
> 'T is all too like that even now we scheme,
> In one broad death confounding friend and foe,
> To drug them all? revolve it: you are man,
> And therefore no doubt wise; but after this
> We brook no further insult, but are gone.'

The omissions here are the most important in the whole poem, and are certainly for the better. The briefer speech is the more dignified.

PAGE 151. — *And on they moved.* — The early editions have: 'And they moved on.'

*Amazed they glared.* — The first edition has 'amaze,' which, if not a misprint, is used as in the early reading of 'Amazed am I to hear' on page 149.

SONG.

PAGE 153. — This song is equally musical and monosyllabic. Of one hundred and twenty-five words in it all are monosyllables except *seven*, and those are dissyllables.

VII.

PAGE 156. — *Void was her use.* — Her occupation was gone, like Othello's. Dawson quotes 'Aylmer's Field': —

> So that the gentle creature, *shut from all*
> *Her charitable use*, and face to face
> With twenty months of silence, slowly lost,
> Nor greatly cared to lose her hold on life.

*A great black cloud, etc.* — The poet, in his letter to Dawson, says that this was suggested by 'a coming storm as seen from the top of Snowdon.'

*Verge.* — Horizon; as on page 76 above: 'below the verge.' Compare 'The Gardener's Daughter': 'and May from verge to verge.' The *slope* is an optical illusion.

PAGE 157. — *Deeper than those weird doubts, etc.* — This line is not in the early editions, the next beginning 'Lay sundered,' etc.

PAGE 158. — *Upon the babe restored.* — The early editions have: 'on what she said of the child;' and in the next line, 'would she yield' for 'yielded she.'

*Were at peace.* — The construction is confused; as if 'each' had been 'both.'

PAGE 160. — *Flourished up.* — 'Blossomed up' (page 44 above) the etymological sense of 'flourished.'

*The Oppian law.* — A sumptuary law passed when Hannibal was almost at the gates of Rome. It enacted that no woman should wear a gay-coloured dress, or have more than a half an ounce of gold ornaments, and that none should approach within a mile of any city or town in a car drawn by horses. After the war the women demanded the repeal of the law. They gained one consul, but Cato, the other one, resisted. The women harassed the magistrates until the law was repealed.

PAGE 161. — *Dwarf-like.* — The early editions have 'little.'

*Hortensia spoke against the tax.* — A heavy tax imposed on Roman matrons by the second triumvirate. No man was found bold enough to oppose it; but Hortensia, daughter of Hortensius the orator, spoke so eloquently against it that it was repealed.

*I saw the forms, etc.* — The early editions read: —

> I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:
> Sad phantoms conjured out of circumstance,
> Ghosts of the fading brain they seem'd; nor more
> Sweet Ida, etc.

Four lines below they have 'show'd' for 'seem'd.'

PAGE 162. — *Leapt fiery Passion, etc.* — The first edition reads thus: —

> Crown'd Passion from the brinks of death, and up
> Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,
> And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips.

The second edition changes 'Crown'd' to 'Leapt.'

*That other when she came, etc.* — Bayard Taylor calls the passage 'an exquisite rapid picture of Aphrodite floating along the wave to her home at Paphos; but,' he adds, 'what must we think of the lover, who, in relating the supreme moment of his passion, could turn aside to interpolate it? Its very loveliness emphasizes his utter forgetfulness of the governing theme.' It seems to me natural enough in the 'relating,' especially as it leads up to the impassioned

> nor end of mine,
> Stateliest, for thee!

which shows that he has dwelt upon the picture of the goddess because he half-identifies her with Ida.

PAGE 163. — *The milk-white peacock.* — Darwin ('Animals and Plants under Domestication') speaks of a white variety of peacock.

PAGE 164. — *Come down, O maid, etc.* — This 'small sweet idyl,' like the exquisite song, 'Tears, idle tears,' was perfect from the first, and has undergone no revision at the author's hands. 'It transfers,' says Symonds in his 'Greek Poets,' 'with perfect taste, the Greek Idyllic feeling to Swiss scenery; it is a fine instance of new wine being successfully poured into old bottles, for nothing could be fresher, and not even the "Thalysia" is sweeter.'

*With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns.* — In the early editions we find 'Silver Horns,' but all the more recent ones print 'silver horns.' The former is, of course, to be preferred, on account of the obvious reference to the Silberhorn, one of the peaks or spurs of the Jungfrau, and markedly the most silvery-white part of the summit, as seen from Interlachen and its vicinity.

*Morning* walks on the mountains here, as 'o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill' in 'Hamlet' (i. 1. 167); and *Death* is her companion because life has no home on those 'Alpine summits cold,' or must face Death in attempting to scale them.

*Firths of ice, etc.* — Bayard Taylor remarks that this would be 'almost incomprehensible to one who has not looked with his own bodily eyes upon the Mer de Glace.'

PAGE 165. — *Water-smoke.* — Compare 'The Lotos-Eaters':

> And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
> Along the cliff to fall and pause did seem.

PAGE 167. — *Out of Lethe.* — The poet may have been thinking of Wordsworth's, 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;' or of Virgil, 'Æneid,' vi. 748: —

> Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos
> Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno;
> Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant
> Rursus, et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

*How shall men grow? . . . her own.* — The early editions read: —

> How shall men grow? We two will serve them both
> In aiding her strip off, as in us lies,
> (Our place is much) the parasitic forms
> That seem to keep her up but drag her down —
> Will leave her field to burgeon and to bloom
> From all within her, make herself her own, etc.

PAGE 168. — *His dearest bond.* — The early editions have 'whose' for 'his.'

*Nor lose the childlike, etc.* — In place of this line the early editions have: 'More as the double-natured Poet each.'

PAGE 170. — *Said Ida, tremulously, etc.* — The early editions read: —

> Said Ida, 'so unlike, so all unlike —
> It seems you love to cheat yourself with words:
> This mother is your model. Never, Prince;

You cannot love me.' 'Nay, but thee,' I said,
'From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,
Or some mysterious or magnetic touch,
Ere seen I loved,' etc.

PAGE 171. — *Lift thine eyes, etc.* — The early reading is: —

lift thine eyes; doubt me no more;
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine, etc.

*Is morn to more, etc.* — The early editions have: 'I scarce believe, and all the rich to-come;' and below, 'flowers' for 'weeds.'

Bayard Taylor was troubled at this latter change, the first reading having suggested to him 'a more delicate fancy than the poet seems to have intended.' It gave him, not the view of an 'ordinary piece of farm-work,' but 'a vision of the autumnal haze slowly gathering from myriads of flowers as they burn away in the last ardours of summer.' This is a good illustration of the manner in which a person of lively imagination may 'read into' poetry a meaning which is not there. Of course, all that Tennyson had in mind was the burning up of weeds in autumn, and the apparent wavering of the landscape as seen through the rising currents of heated and smoky air.

## CONCLUSION.

PAGE 173. — This part of the poem was almost entirely rewritten in the third edition. In place of the first thirty-two lines, the first edition has only the following: —

Here closed our compound story, which at first
Had only meant to banter little maids
With mock heroics and with parody:
But slipt in some strange way, crost with burlesque,
From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest,
To such a serious end, that Lilia fixt, etc.

The second edition changed 'Had only' in the second line to 'Perhaps, but.'

PAGE 174. — *Who might have told . . . garden rails.* — For these forty-six lines the early editions have: —

> who there began
> A treatise, growing with it, and might have flow'd
> In axiom worthier to be graven on rock
> Than all that lasts of old-world hieroglyph,
> Or lichen-fretted Rune and arrowhead;
> But that there rose a shout: the gates were closed
> At sundown, and the crowd were swarming now,
> To take their leave, about the garden rails,
> And I and some went out, and mingled with them.

The reference to the French Revolution seems out of place; and yet one would be sorry to spare the eight lines that follow ('Have patience,' etc.).

PAGE 177. — *Fill me with a faith, etc.* — Dawson remarks: 'This strong faith runs through all of Tennyson's poems, causing them to be true "medicines for the mind." It is met in the earlier poems, especially in the "Golden Year," and in the conclusion of "Locksley Hall," in the poems of middle age as here, and in no. cxxv. of "In Memoriam," and in the very last published volume, — as stanza iii. of the "Children's Hospital," and the sonnet "To Victor Hugo." This healthful hope, pervading all his writings, is one of the secrets of the poet's popularity and influence.'

PAGE 178. — *Why should not, etc.* — The early editions read: —

> Why don't these acred Sirs
> Throw up their parks some dozen times a year,
> And let the people breathe?

*But spoke not.* — The early editions have: 'Saying little;' and eight lines below, 'without sound' for 'quietly.'

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

This poem, originally published on the day of the Duke's funeral in 1852, was probably written in some haste. It underwent considerable revision before it was reprinted in 1853, and

was further retouched before it appeared with 'Maud' in 1855. I give *all* the variations of the present text from the first edition.

Shepherd ('Tennysoniana,' 1879), in his chapter on 'Tennyson's versification,' remarks: 'In the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," he has soared to lyric heights to which, perhaps, even Pindar never attained. The tolling of the bell, the solemn and slow funeral march, the quick rush of battle, and the choral chant of the cathedral all succeed one another, and the verse sinks and swells, rises and falls to every alternation with equal power.'

PAGE 181. — *Bury the Great Duke.* — The first edition has: 'Let us bury.'

*Mourning when their leaders fall.* — The first edition reads:

> When laurel-garlanded leaders fall,
> And warriors carry, etc.

*Where shall we lay, etc.* — After this line the edition of 1853 has the following line, since suppressed: 'He died on Walmer's lonely shore.' The next line begins: 'But here,' etc.

The reading of the first edition was this: —

> Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
> Let the sound of those he wrought for, etc.

PAGE 182. — *Remembering all his greatness in the past.* — The first edition reads: 'Our sorrow draws but on the golden Past;' and it does not contain the next two lines.

*Clearest of ambitious crime.* — The first edition has 'freest from.'

PAGE 184. — *And a deeper knell, etc.* — This line is not in the first edition.

PAGE 185. — *Ever-echoing.* — The reading down to 1873 was 'ever-ringing.'

*Who is he that cometh, etc.* — The question is asked by the 'mighty seaman,' Nelson, who is also buried in St. Paul's.

*His foes were thine, etc.* — The first edition reads: 'His martial wisdom kept us free;' and the following lines are:

O warrior-seaman, this is he,
This is England's greatest son,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
And never lost an English gun;
He that in his earlier day
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won:
And underneath another sun
Made the soldier, led him on,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
All their marshals' bandit swarms
Back to France with countless blows;
Till their host of eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up, etc.

PAGE 187. — *Such a war had such a close.* — After this line the first edition has: 'He withdrew to brief repose;' and then goes on as in the text.

*That loud Sabbath.* — The day of Waterloo.

PAGE 188. — *Thank Him who isled us here . . . storming showers.* — This couplet is not in the first edition.

*Of boundless love and reverence.* — The first edition has: 'Of most unbounded reverence,' etc. It does not contain the next line but one.

PAGE 189. — *For saving that, ye help to save mankind.* — The first edition reads: 'for saving that, ye save mankind;' two lines below: 'And help the march of human mind;' and in the next line: 'Till crowds be sane and crowns be just.'

*But wink no more, etc.* — After this line the first edition has the following, omitted in all subsequent editions: —

Perchance our greatness will increase;
Perchance a darkening future yields
Some reverse from worse to worse,
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.

It goes on thus: —

> And O remember him who led your hosts ;
> Respect his sacred warning ; guard your coasts ;
> His voice is silent, etc.

*Who let the turbid streams . . . against a foe.* — These five lines are not in the first edition, which goes on with: 'His eighty winters,' etc.

PAGE 190. — *He on whom . . . is moon and sun.* — This fine passage of twenty-three lines is unaltered from the first edition.

*Such was he: his work is done, etc.* — The first edition reads: —

> He has not fail'd ; he hath prevail'd :
> So let the men whose hearths he saved from shame
> Thro' many and many an age proclaim
> At civic revel, etc.

PAGE 192. — *Ours the pain, be his the gain.* — The line is not in the first edition.

*We revere, and while we hear, etc.* — The first edition reads thus: —

> For solemn, too, this day are we.
> O friends, we doubt not that for one so true
> There must be other nobler work to do
> Than when he fought at Waterloo,
> And Victor he must ever be.
> Though worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll
> Round us, etc.

PAGE 193. — *On God . . . dust to dust.* — These five lines are not in the first edition.

*He is gone who seem'd so great.* — The first edition has: 'The man is gone,' etc.

PAGE 194. — *Speak no more, etc.* — The first edition has: 'But speak no more,' etc.

### The Third of February, 1852.

This poem is one of three inspired by the excitement in England which followed the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon in December, 1851. It was 'a powerful rebuke to the House of Lords for having deprecated the free criticism expressed in newspapers and in speeches against the author of that crime.' It appeared in the 'Examiner' for Feb. 7, 1852, and was signed 'Merlin.' The patriotic lyric, 'Hands all round,' was printed in the same number of the 'Examiner;' and 'Britons, guard your own,' in the preceding number (Jan. 31, 1852).

The poem was first acknowledged and included in the collected works in 1872.

Page 195. — *It might be safe our censures to withdraw.* — Sometimes misprinted, 'safe be.'

Page 196. — *We flung the burthen of the second James.* — Also misprinted, 'And flung,' etc.

### The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Of this spirited lyric there are three versions. The first appeared in the London 'Examiner,' Dec. 9, 1854, and was as follows: —

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blunder'd.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns,' Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
No man was there dismay'd,
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wonder'd.

Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

This note is prefixed to the poem: 'Written after reading the first report of the "Times" correspondent, where only six hundred and seven sabres are mentioned as having taken part in the charge.'

The poem was next printed in the 'Maud' volume, in the summer of 1855, as follows: —

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Charge,' was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Fiercely the line they broke;
Strong was the sabre-stroke,
Making an army reel
Shaken and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode thro' the jaws of Death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

Honour the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old —
How they rode onward.

The poet was severely criticised for the alterations he had made in this version, and a few weeks later the poem was printed in its present form on a quarto sheet of four pages, with the note given in Vol. I. (p. 68) of this edition.

### Ode sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition.

Originally entitled: 'May the First, 1862,' and first printed, incorrectly and with omissions, in the 'Times,' April 24, 1862. A correct version appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine,' for June, 1862.

A Greek translation of the Ode, signed W. G. C., appeared in the 'Times,' July 14, 1862 (when the original poem was reprinted with errors that called forth a letter from the poet to the editor); and a Latin verse translation, signed W., in the same journal, July 18, 1862.

Page 201. — *O silent father of our kings to be.* — Prince Albert. See Vol. I. p. 57.

*The world-compelling plan.* — *Compelling* is used in the etymological sense of 'bringing together.'

### A Welcome to Alexandra.

Written on the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in England just before her marriage to the Prince of Wales on the 10th of March, 1863; published separately the same month; and afterwards included in the 'Enoch Arden' volume. Thackeray, in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' compared the poem to the waving of a flaring pine-tree torch on a windy headland.

Page 205. — *Rush to the roof . . . when he welcomes the land.* — These five lines were not in the first version.

### A Welcome to Her Royal Highness Marie Alexandrovna, Duchess of Edinburgh.

Written to welcome Marie to England after her marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh, June 23, 1874. Printed in the 'Times,' and afterwards separately.

### The Grandmother.

First printed in 'Once a Week,' July 16, 1859, with the title, 'The Grandmother's Apology.'

### Northern Farmer.

The 'Northern Farmer, Old Style,' appeared in the 'Enoch Arden' volume, 1864; the 'Northern Farmer, New Style,' in the 'Holy Grail' volume, 1870.

Stopford Brooke ('Tennyson,' London, 1894) says of it: 'It is a vivid piece out of the great comedy of man, not of its mere mirth, but of that elemental humorousness of things which belongs to the lives of the brutes as well as to ourselves, that steady quaintness of the ancient earth and all who are born of her, which first made men smile, and which has enabled us to bear our pain better, and to love one another more, than might appear possible in a world where Nature generally seems to be doing her best to hurt us first, and then to kill us. . . . There never was a more superbly hewn piece of rough and vital sculpture. What Michael Angelo did for the

Prophet Amos, into whose writings entered the herdsman, Tennyson has done for this farmer, with a chisel as vivid and as bold. He is the very genius of ancient agriculture, and seems born out of the fruitful bosom of Mother Earth. He breathes and smells of the earth, and the earth speaks by his voice. . . . When he says that God Almighty scarcely knows what He is doing when He takes him away, it is the rude Teuton tiller of the land who speaks, who ploughed the land with one hand and fought the Roman with the other, and who worshipped Thor, the farmer's friend. His first duty is to the land and then to the squire who owns it, and, that done, what has he to do with parsons? God Almighty knows that he has done, and none better, what he ought to do. He belongs to the ancient nobility of the plough and the spade, and he sickens to think of that base-born plutocrat, Machinery, putting his nose into the blessed fields. What has been ought to be for ever, and what has been is as old as the world. Men ought to cling to the ancient courses. Every night for forty year he 's had his ale, and he will have it now, though he die. This is a primeval creature, and he is drawn as a giant, who happened to be a poet, might have drawn him before the Flood. It is a mighty piece of work.'

I add a few additional glossarial notes from Palgrave's 'Lyrical Poems by Lord Tennyson' (London, 1885).

PAGE 220. — *'asta beän*, hast thou been; *thoort*, thou art; *moänt*, may not have; *point*, pint.

PAGE 221. — *'issén*, himself; *towd*, told; *boy*, by; *Larn'd a ma' beä*, learned he may be (*a* stands for *he* in this dialect); *a cast oop*, he cast up against me.

PAGE 222. — *owt*, ought; *'Sivver*, howsoever; *boy um*, by him; *stubb'd*, broken up for cultivation.

PAGE 223. — *moind*, remember; *boggle*, bogle, haunting spirit; *the lot*, piece of waste; *raäved and rembled*, tore up and threw away; *Keäper's it wur*, it was the game-keeper's ghost; *at 'soize*, at the assizes; *Dubbut*, do but.

PAGE 224. — *yows*, ewes; *ta-year*, this year; *thruff*, through; *haäte oonderd*, eight hundred; *thutty*, thirty.

PAGE 225. — *a moost*, he must; *cauve*, calve; *hoälms*, holms, mounds of slightly rising ground; *quoloty*, quality, the gentry; *thessèn*, themselves; *sewer-loy*, surely; *howd*, hold.

PAGE 226. — *Sartin-sewer*, certain sure; *kittle*, kettle, boiler; *Huzzin' an' maäzin'*, worrying with a hiss and astonishing; *atta*, art thou; *'toättler*, teetotaler; *a' s hallus i' the owd taäle*, is always telling the same old story; *floy*, fly.

PAGE 227. — *'erse's*, horse's; *woä then*, go slower.

PAGE 229. — *as 'ant nowt*, that has nothing; *weänt 'a*, will not have; *ligs*, lies.

PAGE 230. — *Shut on*, clear of; *i' the grip*, in the little draining-ditch; *burn*, born.

PAGE 231. — *esh*, ash.

PAGE 232. — *Ammost*, almost; *'id*, hidden away; *tued an' moil'd*, put himself in a stew and toiled; *run oop*, his land ran up; *brig*, bridge.

## THE DAISY.

Printed in the 'Maud' volume, 1855.

'A tender dream of the poet; musing in a murky street in Edinburgh over a daisy picked on the "Snowy Splugen," gives him opportunity for many varied sketches of Southern life, full of colour and spirit and movement' (Waugh, 'Alfred Lord Tennyson,' 1892). The Italian journey was made in 1851, the year after the poet's marriage.

PAGE 234. — *Turbia.* — A village two miles from Monaco. Near by is the 'Tower of Augustus,' one of the trophies erected to commemorate the subjection of the Ligurians.

PAGE 235. — *Cogoletto.* — More properly, *Cogoleto*, the supposed birthplace of Columbus, about fifteen miles from Genoa. A monument was erected to him here in 1888.

PAGE 236. — *The fresh Cascinè.* — The park of Florence, on the bank of the Arno. *Boboli's ducal bowers* are the Boboli Gardens in the rear of the Pitti Palace, commanding beautiful views of the city.

PAGE 238. — *Of Lari Maxume.* — See Virgil, 'Georgics,'

ii. 159. Lake Como was the *Lacus Larius* of the Romans. There is always a 'Lariano' among the steamers on the lake.

*To that fair port below the castle, etc.* — Varenna, with the picturesque ruins of an old castle on the height behind it, associated by popular tradition with Queen Theodolinde.

### To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

Printed in the 'Maud' volume, 1855. See Vol. I., p. 69. No changes have been made in the poem.

### Will.

Printed in the 'Maud' volume, and unaltered.

### In the Valley of Cauteretz.

Written in September, 1861 (see Vol. I., pp. 80 and 320), and included in the 'Enoch Arden' volume, 1864.

### In the Garden at Swainston.

Written in 1870, and first printed in the 'Cabinet Edition,' 1874.

Swainston was the seat of the late Sir John Simeon, in the Isle of Wight. Here the scene of the prologue to 'The Princess' was laid, and here also the greater part of 'Maud' was written. Sir John died at Fribourg in Switzerland in 1870. The body was brought home for burial, and this poem was written at Swainston during the week that elapsed before the funeral.

### To E. L. on his Travels in Greece.

First printed in 1853, and unaltered. It was addressed to Edward Lear, the painter, and refers to his 'Landscape-Painter in Albania and Illyria,' 1851.

### Requiescat.

Printed in the 'Enoch Arden' volume, and unaltered.

### The Sailor Boy.

First printed in the 'Victoria Regia,' Christmas, 1861 (edited by Miss Emily Faithfull), and afterwards included in the 'Enoch Arden' volume.

PAGE 250. — *And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.* — In the Lincolnshire dialect, 'the young of the dog-crab' is known as the 'scrawl' (Halliwell, 'Archaic Dictionary').

### THE ISLET.

Printed in the 'Enoch Arden' volume, and unaltered.

### CHILD SONGS.

First printed in the juvenile magazine 'St. Nicholas' (New York) for February, 1880, and afterwards included in the 1884 edition of the Poems.

### THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

Contributed to 'Once a Week' in January, 1868, and reprinted in 1884.

Attempts have been made to identify the writer of the letter; but the poet wrote to the editor of 'Once a Week': 'It is no particular letter that I meant. I have had dozens of them from one quarter and another.'

PAGE 257. — *O little bard.* — The first reading was 'O foolish bard.'

*Rhymes and rhymes, etc.* — This stanza and the next originally read thus: —

> This fallen leaf, is n't fame as brief?
> My rhymes may have been the stronger,
> Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
> I last but a moment longer.
>
> O faded leaf, is n't fame as brief?
> What room is here for a hater?
> Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
> For it hangs one moment later.

PAGE 258. — *Is that your cry?* — Originally, 'is n't that your cry?' The next line was 'And I shall live to see it;' and the last stanza was: —

> O summer leaf, is n't life as brief?
> But this is the time of hollies,
> And my heart, my heart is an evergreen;
> I hate the spites and follies.

### Literary Squabbles.

Originally printed in 'Punch,' March 7, 1846, where it was entitled 'After-thought.' See Vol. I., p. 57. It was included, with its present title, in the 'Library Edition' of the Poems, 1872–73.

Page 259. — *Who hate each other, etc.* — The first reading was 'That hate,' etc.; and, two lines below, 'brothers' for 'brethren.'

*And strain to make an inch of room.* — Originally, 'strive' for 'strain;' and, in the next stanza, 'Like those that cried Diana great.'

Page 260. — *Is perfect stillness, etc.* — Originally, 'Is kindly silence,' etc.

### The Victim.

Printed in 1867 at the private press of Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, at Canford Manor, near Wimborne; contributed to 'Good Words' for January, 1868; and included in the 'Holy Grail' volume, 1870.

### Wages.

Contributed to 'Macmillan's Magazine' for February, 1868; and reprinted in the 'Holy Grail' volume.

### The Higher Pantheism.

First published in the 'Holy Grail' volume.

### The Voice and the Peak.

First published in the 'Cabinet Edition' of the Poems, 1874.

### 'Flower in the Crannied Wall.'

First published in the 'Holy Grail' volume.

### A Dedication.

Addressed to the poet's wife, and first printed in the 'Enoch Arden' volume, 1864.

The only alteration is in the sixth line, which originally read: 'and spite of praise and scorn.'

### Boadicea.

First published in the 'Enoch Arden' volume. The only change since made is in the last line but one on page 274, which originally read: 'There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-idiot.'

### On Translations of Homer.

This and the three following 'experiments in quantity' appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine' for December, 1863. This was not printed with the others in the 'Enoch Arden' volume, but was finally included in the edition of 1884.

The 'Milton' and the 'Hendecasyllabics' have not been altered.

The 'Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse' was prefaced in the 'Cornhill Magazine' with the following note: —

'Some, and among these one at least of our best and greatest, have endeavoured to give us the "Iliad" in English hexameters, and by what appears to me their failures have gone far to prove the impossibility of the task. I have long held by our blank verse in this matter, and now after having spoken so disrespectfully here of these hexameters, I venture, or rather feel bound, to subjoin a specimen, however brief and with whatever demerits, of a blank verse translation.'

The first line of the translation originally read thus: 'So Hector said, and sea-like roar'd his host;' and this was retained in the 'Enoch Arden' reprint.

The last two lines were as follows in the magazine: —

> And champing golden grain their horses stood
> Hard by the chariots, waiting for the dawn;

and the following foot-note was appended: —

'Or, if something like the spondaic close of the line be required,

> And waited — by their chariots — the fair dawn.

Or, more literally,

> And champing the white barley and spelt, their steeds
> Stood by the cars, waiting the thronèd morn.'

There was also the following foot-note to 'honey-hearted':

'Or "wine sweet to the mind," but I use this epithet simply as a synonym of "sweet."'

In the 'Enoch Arden' volume, the reading in the text was:—

> And champing golden grain, the horses stood
> Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn;

with this foot-note:—

'Or more literally —

> And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds
> Stood by their cars, waiting the thronèd morn.'

## The Window;

### Or, The Song of the Wrens.

Printed in 1867 at the private press of Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, at Canford Manor, near Wimborne; included in the edition of 1884.

END OF VOL. III.

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